



The next ten years, SUMNER H. SLICHTER writes, will be one of our most crucial decades. He looks for the continuance of the cold war and for a defense outlay that may, by 1960, be double what it is today; and then not unhelpfully he goes on to discuss the short-term and long-time trends in our working life. An economist who has steadily grown in the regard of American management and labor, Mr. Slichter stands today as one of the most fair-minded and unflinching analysts of the forces which make our wheels go round.

OUR BEST DEFENSE

by SUMNER H. SLICHTER

THE next ten years will be a crucial period in the economic and political life of the United States. Within this time major economic adjustments will have to be made and the country must master several economic problems for which solutions cannot be much longer delayed without grave consequences. Within this decade also, important economic trends must be halted or retarded if the community is not to be confronted with formidable new problems or even to be basically transformed. Finally, before the end of this period the course of the cold war will have largely determined the relations between the United States and Russia.

When so much is at stake, the particular interests of members of this or that trade or industry or economic group must have less than their usual effect on national policies. The cost of parochial and shortsighted thinking will come high in the fifties, and such thinking may even threaten the security of the country itself. The first and most important step toward meeting the problems of the crucial decade is to see clearly what decisions must be made and how limited is the time within which solutions for the problems must be found.

Of the major economic adjustments that must occur before the end of the decade, two stand out in importance. One is the adjustment in the prices of farm products to long-run conditions of supply and demand; the other is the adjustment of our foreign

trade balance to the needs of this country and of the rest of the world.

Prices of farm commodities rose more than any other group of prices during the war. In order to stimulate the output of much-needed food products, the government promised the farmers that floors would be kept under prices of agricultural commodities for two years after the war. This period has long since passed. Nevertheless, in the current budget year the government is spending about 1.4 billion dollars keeping up the prices of farm products. As a result, the prices of most agricultural commodities are far too high to clear the market, and large surpluses of corn, wheat, eggs, potatoes, and other commodities are piling up. These surpluses are bound to increase so long as the government spends large amounts each year to keep prices of farm products high.

Eventually the support levels will have to be lowered so that they become effective only in times of abnormally low demand—and possibly in periods of temporarily large supply. The politicians will postpone facing this unpleasant reality, but before the end of the decade, support prices will have to be reduced to the point where they do not generate large surpluses and do not force the government to limit the output of agriculture.

Can the prices of farm products be permitted to find a level consistent with supply and demand without temporarily causing a drop in production

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and employment throughout the economy? Will not the drop in agricultural commodities cause businessmen to curtail buying until the effect on the economy is clear? Will not the postponement of buying cause a more or less general weakening of prices and thus further postponement of buying?

If the adjustment occurs at a period of general expansion, it will probably have little effect upon business in general. Food and, to a less extent, textiles are bought for current consumption. Hence the prospect of lower prices for these commodities is not likely to induce much postponement of buying. Furthermore, the rise of 19 million in population during the forties, the greatest increase in our history, will keep the demand for food strong in the immediate future. Particularly important in sustaining the demand for many kinds of food will be the great increase in the number of young people between ten and twenty years of age. There will be about 40 per cent more persons between these ages in the population during most of the decade of the fifties than there were during the forties. Finally, lower food prices will to some extent sustain activities in the non-agricultural parts of the economy by releasing dollars for the purchase of houses, automobiles, television sets, and many other things.

Within the next decade either the purchases of the rest of the world from the United States must take a decided drop or imports of this country from abroad and its foreign investments must rise. The balance of payments problem is not a new one, but it has been aggravated by the Second World War. Furthermore, the cold war between Russia and the United States has made the problem even more a political one than an economic one. In this cold war the United States will be grievously handicapped in winning the strong support of other countries if they continue to have trouble in selling us their goods. The market of the United States represents about 40 per cent of all of the markets of the world, but in 1949 only about 4 per cent of the demand in this huge market was met by imports. Rising sales to this country would open up enormous opportunities to other countries to raise their standard of living by purchasing more goods from us.

There is no assurance that the balance between exports and imports will be met by a rise in imports rather than by a fall in exports. This country, it is true, has made large reductions in many duties, and foreign currency devaluations have further reduced foreign costs of production in terms of dollars. Nevertheless, additional reductions in duties by the United States are needed — especially reductions on textiles and food products. Technological progress and the rapid rise in the population of the United States during the last decade have greatly raised the rate at which the United States is consuming many raw materials. Substantial increases in imports of oil, iron ore, copper, lumber, and

many foodstuffs would be in the national interest.

In a few lines foreign manufacturers can provide a better product at a lower price than can American makers. Swiss watches are not the only example. The British are ahead of the United States in developing some types of commercial airplanes and ought to be able to make large sales to American airlines — if Americans are willing to buy British planes. Quite promising is the prospect of a great growth in imports of finished products by large American department stores, chain stores, and mail-order houses that know American markets and are in a position to put foreign producers to making goods especially designed to meet American needs and tastes. After all, it is usually the distributor, rather than the manufacturer, who best knows what consumers desire. Furthermore, the costs of distribution are far less to an American buyer who purchases from scores of foreign manufacturers than to a single foreign maker setting up his own arrangements for entering the American market.

Now that large reductions have been made in the American tariff and most foreign currencies have been substantially devalued, there are great opportunities to transform importing of finished goods from a luxury business to a business dealing in articles for mass consumption. Furniture from Scandinavia, glass from Belgium, Germany, and Italy, gloves from Italy, hardware and leather goods from England, are examples of the way in which the standard of living in this country might be enriched. If goods are made to specifications provided by American buyers, considerable quantities of staple articles, such as shirts, socks, and undergarments, might be made abroad. Such a trend would arouse political opposition within this country, but this opposition would be weakened by the fact that the success of other countries in making sales here would increase their demand for the multitude of goods that America can make better and more cheaply than any other country.

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Two major economic problems must be mastered by the United States if private enterprise is to retain or win back the confidence of the peoples of the world. We must demonstrate that private enterprise can avoid severe ups and downs in employment and production, and that it can provide a reasonably satisfactory level of employment. A large part of the community is prepared to demand drastic changes in economic institutions if these two tests are not met.

If no serious contraction of employment occurs during the fifties, the community will undoubtedly be prepared to believe that the battle against instability has virtually been won and that severe depressions are things of the past. Likewise, if

employment expands about as rapidly as the labor force for the next ten years, the community will be prepared to drop its fears of economic stagnation.

I believe that the economy will avoid severe recessions from now on. Great progress has been made in removing several important causes for recessions. The banking system has been strengthened, and banking difficulties are not likely in the future to aggravate the contraction of business, as they have done in every severe depression of the past. A revolutionary change has occurred in our monetary system. No longer are short-term business debts the principal source of money supply, and no longer will repayment of these debts reduce the money supply at the very times when this would do the most harm. Government fiscal policy can now be counted on to be a stabilizing influence, at least in periods of contraction.

The spread of unemployment compensation has diminished the tendency for drops in employment to produce drops in incomes and hence in the demand for goods. Finally, businessmen have apparently gained much in sophistication, and hence are less inclined to behave in ways that aggravate the ups and downs of business. The continuation of a period of expansion is less likely today than twenty years ago to make businessmen expect a further continuation of expansion — in other words, to make them more and more optimistic. Unfortunately, it cannot yet be said that the continuation of a period of contraction makes businessmen less and less likely to expect a continuation of contraction. To the extent that businessmen avoid the errors of optimism and pessimism that have contributed so much to economic instability, the ups and downs of business will be mitigated.

Will business be able to keep employment expanding at a satisfactory rate as the labor force increases? I do not know. It will be harder to do this than to prevent recessions. The cold war on the whole will help sustain employment. But a high degree of enterprise will be required, and a strong desire to expand markets and to get more business. Thus far, most large concerns have tried to grow still larger. Government criticism of "bigness" may deter some important enterprises from going after new business as energetically as they might. And many trade associations have been attempting to inculcate the idea among their members that it is wrong to be too aggressive in seeking more business, especially by price cutting.

A revolution needs to be brought about in the thinking of many businessmen similar to the revolution that is needed in the thinking of many wage earners. Some workers limit output because they think that there is just so much work to be done and that, if they do too much, they or someone else will have less employment. Likewise, some businessmen think that there is just so much business to be had and that, if an enterprise tries to get more

business, it will not increase the total amount of business. If this kind of thinking were prevalent, it would keep down the amount of enterprise in the community and would prevent the achievement of a satisfactory level of employment.

There has been no dearth of new enterprises — in fact the number of concerns per 1000 of population is greater today than it was in 1900. But the mortality among newly founded concerns is high: a large proportion do not last more than two years. If a substantially higher proportion survived, competition would be keener and the economy would be more progressive and dynamic.

Fortunately, the business community is becoming aware of the importance of improving the quality of business births and of reducing the mortality of new concerns. Business schools are paying more attention to the problems of owner-operated businesses and thus are training men to go into business for themselves as well as to become employees of large concerns. Venture capital organizations, prepared to supply funds and advice to promising ventures, are becoming a business in themselves. Hence the prospect is good, though perhaps not bright, that by 1960 private enterprise will have demonstrated that it can increase the number of jobs at a satisfactory rate.

3

THERE are three major trends that must be halted or substantially retarded during the next decade if the economy is not to be basically transformed or if it is not to be confronted with grave new problems. These trends are the rapid rise in government expenditures, the rapid spread of government intervention in business, and the drop in the influence of businessmen in the community.

In the last twenty years the expenditures of the Federal government have increased about thirteenfold while the dollar value of the output of the country has increased about 2.5 times. Since 1947–1948 when the outlays of the Federal government reached a post-war low, they have grown about 27 per cent. If Federal expenditures were to continue to grow at the same rate as in the last two years, they would more than treble by 1960, and would be about 150 billion dollars a year. Such an enormous increase in government expenditures would hardly be tolerated, but attempts to retard the rise will provoke many sharp conflicts.

One way to reduce government expenditures is to cut the large amount being spent to keep the prices of farm products high. Another is to reduce the large outlays on trade school education for veterans — expenditures which are of scant use to the veterans and which finance many "schools" or "training courses" of little or no educational value. Another is to reduce the purchases of real-estate mortgages by the government. In the pres-

ent fiscal year such purchases are costing about 1.3 billion dollars. There is no reason why private capital should not finance the real-estate industry.

Finally, a major area of private investment can be opened up and substantial relief given to taxpayers by financing through-highways by tolls instead of by taxes. The country badly needs a modern system of limited-access highways for through-traffic. Indeed, its present highway system may be roughly compared to the state of the railways at the time that Commodore Vanderbilt started to unite short lines into large systems giving through-service. The provision of America with modern highways financed by tolls can open up enormous investment opportunities and at the same time lighten the load of the taxpayers.

In view of the multitude of demands that are being made upon the government, I believe that at least a slow rise in government expenditures is inevitable. The rise, however, should be prevented from exceeding the rate of increase in the national product. If prices do not rise, that would mean that the Federal budget in 1960 would be in the neighborhood of 55 billion dollars, including a substantial increase in armaments.

The last two decades have seen a rapid spread of government regulation of industry. A great new body of controls has grown up in the field of industrial relations. The government now decides what is the proper bargaining unit; it appoints boards to recommend the terms of settlement of the most important disputes; to some extent it regulates the terms of trade agreements, as when it prohibits the closed shop and regulates welfare funds. Another new body of regulations is in the capital market.

In addition, the government has become the largest lender of money in the country. The government also guarantees an enormous volume of private loans. Government regulation of prices has greatly expanded. The government imposes the minimum wage now in most of interstate commerce. It spends hundreds of millions in supporting agricultural prices. It virtually guarantees an income to some industries, as when it buys the entire silver output of the United States at a price well above the market price.

I do not assert that all of these regulations of the government are bad — though a few of them, such as the buying of silver, are completely bad, and others, such as the support of the prices of farm products, are badly designed. I do not expect to see any big area of regulation by the government abandoned. If the spread of government intervention in economic activities continues during the next decade as rapidly as in the last twenty years, the year 1960 will see the United States a far more completely regulated economy than it is today. Can this spread be substantially retarded?

That is a close question. Certainly the rate of intervention would be greatly retarded if industry

were to maintain steadily rising employment and to increase employment as rapidly as the labor force rises. The expansion of the labor force will be much faster after 1960 than during the next ten years. Pressure for regulation of potential monopolies would be diminished by success in improving the quality of business births and in increasing the proportion of new concerns which survive. Greater enterprise in supplying private funds for new ventures would limit the intervention of the government in the capital market. More vigorous private enterprise in the real-estate field would limit the government's activities in that area. If employers and trade-unions were to agree on basic rules to govern industrial relations, a considerable withdrawal of government from that field might occur.

The strong individualistic traditions of the United States tend to bring about government intervention. These traditions make it hard for business concerns and trade-unions to practice self-restraint. Furthermore, they make it hard for enterprises and trade-unions to compromise. The machinery for collective bargaining exists in most industries and it settles most disputes, but a high proportion of *major* disputes are settled by employers and trade-unions only after a government agency has suggested the approximate terms.

The third major trend that needs to be halted in the next decade is the sharp drop in the influence of businessmen in the community. During the last twenty years the decline in their influence has been startling. During the decade of the forties, businessmen regained a small amount of their lost influence through the excellent production record of industry during the war.

Certainly if businessmen continue to lose influence, their voice in the community will count for little by 1960. It will not be easy, however, for them to acquire more influence. They are living in a community in which nearly four out of five workers are employees. Such a community is much more interested in the problems of employees than in the problems of business. Trade-union membership, which has increased from 8.9 million in 1940 to approximately 15 million at the present time, will continue to grow. By 1960 unions will probably have 20 to 25 million members. While the membership of trade-unions has been growing rapidly, the number of stockholders in corporations has been showing little change. There are now more than twice as many union members in the country as stockholders.

For businessmen to recover some of their lost influence, employment must be high and steady. Doubling the number of stockholders in corporations between now and 1960 should be regarded as a minimum goal. Corporations can hardly expect their problems to command widespread interest in a community where fewer than one out of ten adults are stockholders. Successful industrial re-

search, bringing out new products and cutting the cost of making old products, enormously contributes to the prestige of business. If industry by 1960 raises the national product from the present level of about 240 billion to 300 billion or 325 billion dollars (at present prices), the influence of business will be enormously enhanced.

Is it really important that businessmen regain some of their lost influence? I think that it is. They see many problems or aspects of problems that other groups do not see. Hence, they help produce better-balanced and better-informed public policies. Furthermore, some community interests are more effectively represented through businessmen than through any other group. One of the most important of these is the interest of the country in more production. Other parts of the community seem to be primarily interested in how the output of industry is divided. The chief exponents of the need for more production are the businessmen.

The need for more output is accentuated by the multitude of demands being made on the economy for more goods and services. The trade-unions are asking that wages be raised faster than engineers and managers are able to increase output per man-hour. In addition, the community is being asked to support its non-workers more and more liberally. In 1949 there were approximately 60.1 million employed workers plus about 30 million housewives (who are producers) supporting a population (including themselves) of about 149.2 million. Hence each worker, on the average, had to meet about two thirds of the cost of supporting one non-worker.

4

THE demands on industry for more production are being enormously enhanced by the cold war. As Russia increases her productive capacity and raises output in the satellite nations, her outlays on the cold war will rise. Our resources devoted to this purpose must increase also. Fortunately, the cold war will stimulate technological progress and, to that extent, will help the country to raise its capacity to produce.

The United States has been inexcusably slow in discovering that it is engaged in a cold war with Russia and that the coöperation between the two countries during the Second World War was merely a short truce. Thus far, the struggle has been going slightly in favor of the Russians.

No end of the cold war is in sight. The assumption of some policy makers that the Communist world will eventually be weakened by internal decay or dissension is a precarious one. Russia appears to be getting stronger, not weaker. As the conflict becomes more intense the United States must expect to raise substantially the amounts that it spends on defense. Certainly no one should

be surprised if the defense outlays by this country have nearly doubled by 1960.

I venture no opinions on how the cold war can best be prevented from becoming a shooting war. So long as the Russians are convinced that they are winning the cold war, they have no good reason for converting it into a shooting war. Hence, a continuation of their successes would undoubtedly assure world peace for some years to come.

How would a turn in the tide affect the outlook for peace? One possibility is that a series of notable successes by the United States might convince the Russians that they needed to precipitate a crisis. Of course, they would not do this if they regarded our successes as very temporary and if they expected a *second* turn in the tide.

A second possibility is that a series of successes by the United States might cause the Russians to consider themselves too weak to precipitate a crisis. But although the effect of success by the United States in the cold war is quite unpredictable, the United States must strive to turn the tide. Another decade of Russian success would simply mean that a shooting war, if it occurred, would come under conditions dangerously disadvantageous to this country. I am not saying that a shooting war is inevitable. I am saying that even though success for us in the cold war may not make the task of our diplomats easier, the United States cannot afford to continue to lose the cold war.

It would carry this discussion too far afield to explore specifically how the United States can best meet the many adjustments and problems that will be crowded into the next decade. The discussion of the several problems, however, has indicated again and again the importance of two things: great increases in production and a large rise in imports.

In a world where our strength and institutions are being closely compared with those of Russia, a steady and substantial rise in output is the best answer that the United States can give to those who question its strength or the merits of its economy. Of special importance too is an enormous increase in imports during the next decade. Such an increase would both reduce the cost of the cold war to us and help us win the war.

Most important of all, as I have pointed out, is a clear understanding of the problems that must be met and of how much is at stake. The adjustments and problems of the nineteen-fifties demand that Americans identify their individual interests as never before with the interests that are common to all members of the community. In this fateful decade the special interests of various occupational, industrial, and regional groups must not interfere with the efforts of the nation to make its economy strong and stable and to win friends abroad by helping other countries to become strong and stable.



An Atlantic Story



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PEGGETY'S PARCEL OF SHORTCOMINGS

by JOHN HERSEY

I WELL remember," said Miss Peg, the pastry cook, with a coffee éclair hovering in her fingers, "the night I fell into the embrace of the United States Merchant Marine. I weighed scant two hundred eight pounds at that time. I was, you might say, thin as a shelf."

Probably Miss Peg meant to say "sylph." In fairness, you had to grant to Miss Peg that she was always willing to risk elegance, if there was any of it handy. Only sometimes her tongue slipped — especially if it was all lubricated to receive an éclair or a napoleon.

They were gathered — Miss Peg, Mrs. Manterbaum, and Johnny the second busboy — in the pantry locker down in the basement. As pastry chef, Miss Peg kept the key to the locker, and late each evening, about eleven o'clock, when the clubhouse was quite deserted and lay black and junky on the Florida beach, like a tremendous shipwreck, she would ghost in through the service entrance to the basement with one or two guests, unlock the wire mesh door to her locker, light up the single bare bulb that hung down from the ceiling, get out a few good things, seat the party on the wooden crates she kept her pans in, and then she would begin to talk. Mrs. Manterbaum, whose job was to keep the cabanías clean, was notorious among the help for her sweet tooth, a regular sugar-thief, and she had worked herself into the position of being invited by Miss Peg almost every night to taste a few "extra" pastries. Miss Peg used to ask Johnny the second busboy about once a week, because he was good-natured about pushing her pastry cart

around to the Big People in the dining room for her. If there was one thing she hated in life, it was cart pushing. That, and bending down to slide her pans in and out of her ovens.

"I was twenty-three," Miss Peg said, "and I was then doing scullery for a certain Mrs. Charles Saunders in Old Bridge Harbor, on Long Island. Mr. Saunders was in asphalt and, as we used to say, he couldn't get out. Though in truth he was prosperous. Mrs. Saunders had fourteen in help. I remember one thing about Mr. Saunders, which was, he was very particular about the way his shoes were laid out in the mornings — the laces had to be real loose and the tongues lifted out and bent forward, so he could more or less walk right into his shoes. If Mr. Saunders had any difficulty about walking into his shoes, any morning, he was liable to a very bad state of mind at breakfast, and goodness knew who would feel the shock of it. You understand, I only heard these things. Small Peggety, as they called me — the 'Small' was belittling, you might say, considering my heft — never advanced beyond the Near Pantry, and had no occasion to see Mr. Saunders standing in his own shoes, laced or unlaced. Fact is, the first time I ever laid eyes on him, close by, was the day the United States Merchant Marine and I had our little heave-to.

"It happened in the following particulars. My cousin Bob, who never came across with the rest of us, lives some short distance outside Greenock, by Glasgow, and he being a familiar of certain public houses on the waterfront, travels, you might say,

victoriously — by talking with those who go to sea."

"Vicariously," Johnny said.

"I beg your pardon?" Miss Peg said, very grand.

Johnny realized one of the reasons Miss Peg liked him was that he had gone through third year high school and was, in her words, "a bookish lad"; he did read a good bit. Miss Peg had never had any schooling, and her elegance had been picked up over the years of service while she was passing the peas, so to speak. Johnny dared, now and then, to catch her up on some of her errors of overreaching.

"Your cousin Bob," Johnny said, "travels vicariously."

"Well?" said Miss Peg, with rising tone, as if to ask why the young scoundrel felt it necessary to repeat something that had already been said. "So one evening," she went on, "Bob met this tidy, small-boned Yank, a Boatswain's Mate, Third Class, in the United States Merchant Marine, named Bufano. A swarthy sort. Talking of one big thing and another, they landed at last upon me, so it was necessary — Bob thought — to tell the fellow all about me. I will say, Bob has a straight tongue, he did not dangle any pretty marionette before this Bufano's eyes. To be blunt about it, he said his cousin Peggety was *fat*. 'So much the better,' says this Bufano. 'I always was squeamish about getting myself bruised against sharp and knobby things. I am glad to hear that you have a nice soft cousin.'

"The first thing I knew," said Peg, "I received a postcard written in a fine Eytalian hand, all curlicues and scrolls on the capital letters, like a birthday cake, saying, *Meet me outside Ritz corner 46 and Mad six pm Thursday evening. Assume this is helps night out. I have grand news of your cousin Bob from other side. Bufano, Bsns Mate 3/c, S.S. Fanter. This 'grand news'*" — Miss Peg said, leaping ahead in her narrative, as she sometimes did — "was that our Bob was spending much time in the public houses and was a two-hump camel when it came to the ale: he could drink twice as much and hold it twice as long as anyone else. 'Grand news'!

2

THE next Thursday," Miss Peg resumed, "I got myself all frilled up, smelling like a church on Easter morning, and Mason the chauffeur was just about to drive the help to the station, and me, sitting there, taking up half the back seat of the car, happy as a lintie thinking about my unknown sailor boy, when out from the quarters comes a message: 'Tell Small Peggety to stop by at Mr. Saunders' office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. He has a wee errand for her.'

"Our Maggie, the cook, who if I was overweight she was a dried-up apricot of the fuzzy variety, said

sarcastic, 'Write down the address. Our Peggety is in love, she's a bag of daydreams, she'll never remember.'

"Between the message and Maggie, it took quite some time for the others to dill me down to where I was calm again. Wasn't it just like Mr. Saunders to save his 'wee errands' for *that* day? Any other time, this command would have made me tingle with the fun of doing it — 'thistles in me thumbs,' as our Mum used to say when she had a thrill. But that day, it was all I could do to think of my seafaring man with the handwriting like Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee fireworks.

"Nevertheless, when we reached the city, I went of course as directed to 30 Rockefeller Plaza and I shot up into the sky where Mr. Saunders did his work and up I went to the lady at the desk and I said, trying to be sort of saucy and mature, 'I am the Peggety. Mr. Saunders has a wee errand for me.'

"The lady looked at me and said, 'Sister, aren't you kind of dressed up for *this* errand?'

"So I replied, 'The nature of the work was not divulged, you might say.'

"The lady flicked a switch on a box, and I heard Mr. Saunders' voice come out of the box, only his voice sounded like his nose had been snipped off by a crow or was pinched with a clothespin; he said, 'What is it?'

"'Your maid,' the lady said into the box, 'has come for the carcass.'

"This gave me the goose pimples all over, and since I was a thimber sort of girl, a large skin area, you might say, there was a considerable amount of puckering up to be got done with.

"Mr. Saunders kind of laughed a noseless laugh from the box and said, 'Send her in.'

"I walked into the office whither the lady nodded, and there he was, the master, looking very wild, but with his nose, thank the Lord, quite unharmed. It must have been merely the mechanics of the box that had taken away his nose from his voice. In general the master was very wild, however. He was in his shirt-sleeves and he was dressed in a big white apron and he had in his hand a butcher's knife of the largest sort, and I thought: Oh me, I thought asphalt was used to pave the roads, what *can* it be that the master does for a living?

"He said to me, 'Sit down, girl, I'll be ready in a few minutes.'

"It was then," Miss Peg said, "that I noticed another gentleman in the room, he was dressed in ordinary business clothes, though his look was rather ferocious, too, it seemed to me, but at the time, you must remember, I was only Small Peggety, twenty-three winters along, tipping the scales approximately two-o-eight, with no experience of the world beyond the Near Pantry, consequently this fierceness may have been imaginary on my part.

"I also noticed — and this hit me all of a sudden, like the sun coming out from under a cloud — a smell in the place like Fulton Street at the East River, in other words, fish in all its glory. And by following my senses, I tracked this scent to Mr. Saunders' desk, where lay, about as big as my upper arm, no, bigger yet, a whole salmon. A very substantial fish, I can assure you, Mrs. Manterbaum.

"Mr. Saunders grasped the butcher knife in both hands, and he began to stagger and struggle around the room, talking the while like that raddio fellow, Mr. Clem McCarthy, dealing with the Derby, in case you are interested in the horses, Mrs. Manterbaum — breathless he was and yet in command of the telling. I soon puzzled it out that Mr. Saunders was describing to his friend the capture of this particular salmon of his. He was using the butcher knife for his rod and reel, and I was fearful lest he would fish himself into total blindness with that sharp thing. And so we had game-fishing all up and down the office for the next half hour. They say that salmon do go up-river in order to make love, and to hear Mr. Saunders speak of the reluctance of this whopper to leave the headwaters of the Skampawam, or whatever the river would be named, in Nova Scotia, it was — to hear *him*, I believe this fish must have been engaged in the romance of the century in the salmon world. Really, the aquarium should be told about it. Well! I tell you! *We finally landed the thing*, but we were panting and giving off a deal of perspiration over it — and there the lecherous rascal was, big as life and ten times smellier, right on Mr. Saunders' desk, asphalt be damned.

"'He's been thawing out all day,' Mr. Saunders said. 'We shipped him down in dry ice. His guts were cleaned up there, and now' — advancing on the salmon with the dreadful knife, he said this: — 'now I'm going to lop off his head and tail so the girl here can manage him by hand and take him out home for us, and tomorrow night, Spencer, tomorrow night! Well, you'll just have to wait and taste him.'

"Our creature was thawed out, all right, and he gave up his head till there was salmon blood all over the newspapers on Mr. Saunders' desk. Likewise the tail, a smaller operation but also not without splashes and clots of red. By this time the odor of fish was almost a fog around us that you could see. Whew!

"More newspapers, a bundle, string; there we were. 'Now, girl,' said Mr. Saunders, who, never having been on *my* side of the Near Pantry, of course did not know me by name, 'now, girl, you may take it home. And have a care!'

"What a care I had, all that suffering night! And yet . . .

"It was now, you see, pushing six o'clock, because of the length of Mr. Saunders' description of his triumph over the poor hooked thing. Thus, if I

was to meet my friend with the birthday-cake handwriting, I would have to rush right over there, with no time to park my bundle meanwhile. Right through the newspaper, through goodness knows how many layers of current events, you could not fail to smell my pink beheaded treat. Trembling I dashed to the Ritz, corner of Madison and Forty-sixth.

"I was on time but early. The Merchant Marine, being a man of the world, had decided to have a wee tease of Small Peggety, who knew nothing. So there I stood, before the most swoshy hotel in the land, waiting, with ladies going by in ermine and sapphires and curls right out of the permanent-wave machine, and me, under the marquee with all its sweet little light bulbs, me, embracing a two-and-a-half-foot stink. I was mortified to death, Mrs. Manterbaum.

3

AT LAST he came and worth waiting for. Short, stocky, and sort of pale Moorish-complected. His pants as tight as wedding gloves. He was a lovely, tiny creature. He strolled right up to me, with all the swagger of his cute bowlegs, and he said, raising his white cap, 'Miss Peggety, if I am not mistaken. I could have spotted you, my dear, from a mile away.'

"Well, he had my heart right then and there, though now in my calmer years I can see that his first remark — about kenning me from such a very impressive distance — left something to be desired as a compliment.

"Right there on the streetcorner, as he gazed up into my eyes, looking for my soul, you might say, and my heart like a moth by a sixty-watt lamp, I saw that the flanges of his nostrils were working away quite passionate, exactly like Mr. Rudolph Valentino's, but then I realized that it wasn't so much love at first sight as it was he had caught a whiff of something about my person. What he smelt, you already know, Mrs. Manterbaum.

"I had no doubt, in the next moments, that my Bufano was as packed full of gentility as his bell-bottoms were packed full of Bufano. Because without so much as muttering, 'Hm, fishy out tonight, ain't it, Miss Peggety?' — with no such remarks, without a flicker of his lovely waxen eyelids, without even moving to windward of me, he said, 'Well, my dear, what'll it be? Shall we dance? Or is food your pleasure? A steak, Miss Peggety?' You see how well bred he was? Steak! Any lesser man would have asked me if I was in the mood for a bite of sea food.

"Timid, I said, 'First off, Mr. Bufano, I'd like to run down to Grand Central and check this parcel for the evening.'

"I could see from the way my Bufano looked at the package in my arms that he knew what I was

carrying. Jaunty as you please he swung around and offered me the crook of his arm.

"At the checking place in Grand Central, I just pushed the package across the brass-plated counter. The man there pulled it toward him and actually snapped the checking tag onto the string. Then (I guess his nose was tuned in by this time) he looked up and said, 'What's in here?'"

"Just some laundry," I said. My Bufano stiffened a little at that. The counterman thumped at the package with his fists, shook his head, un-snapped the tag, and shoved the thing back to me.

"Sorry, lady," the counterman said, "we ain't allowed to accept no carrion here."

"I guess my feelings took a tumble that you could see and hear, because Bufano said, 'Cheer up, my dear, we'll just hurry over to Pennsylvania Station. We should have done that in the first place. You'll have to leave from there when our spree is over.'"

"But the man in the parcel room at Penn Station was even quicker than our Grand Central fellow. Indeed, he looked at us at first with a dread look of suspicion, as if we were trying to dispose of the parts of a human body, one by one. I must confess, with the moisture and even some of the tint of corpuscles beginning to show through at the ends, my package might have been a man's thigh-piece, from groin to kneecap. Except for the odor, which gave us an unmistakable alibi. All the man at the Penn Station counter said was, 'Uhn-uhn,' negative."

"My Bufano was a cheerful little rooster, he said we should try the Hotel Wentman, just a couple blocks over; they had a big check room, he said. No luck, they wouldn't take fish. We tried the Hotel Regina. No luck. We tried the Hampdon and the Marjoran. No and no. They wouldn't even let us all the way across the lobby at the St. Anselm. Mr. Bufano tried to rent a room at a little no-good place away over West, thinking we would put our salmon to bed in it, but they stopped us in the elevator."

"And so it was that at a few minutes before eight o'clock in the evening, we stood on a windswept corner in western Manhattan, and the tears welled up in my eyes and not even my pigeon, my Bufano, could comfort me. For suddenly I had realized that this parcel was more than a cut-off salmon. This was all my troubles, wrapped up in shabby newsprint. This was all the things that kept me from all my desires. That package — I suddenly realized it, Mrs. Manterbaum — that package was all the unhappinesses I couldn't get rid of in this life: it was my fleshiness, my unbeatable appetite for chocolate things, and my being without any learning, and no friends to speak of, and teased by such spiteful old maids as our Maggie, and couldn't even be promoted past the Near Pantry, and what good was I anyhow? And I was embracing all these things in my arms like a dear beloved friend, and smelling to high heaven of the burden."

"Then it was that my Bufano said, 'Well, Miss Peggety, three's a crowd, but let's face facts, he goes where we go.'"

"And I suddenly realized, you have to live with whatever it is you have to live with, so I dried up my eyes and said, 'Suits me, Mr. Bufano.'"

"Well!" he beamed, and a gold tooth he had glistened like the planet Venus at the edge of night. "What was it to be, steak or a little twinkletoes?"

"Now that I knew where I was, with my shortcomings folded up in a wee bundle of old papers, you might say, and my Bufano willing to accept them if I would, I grew bold suddenly and said, 'Couldn't we do both, Mr. Bufano? Eat and dance too?'"

"Miss Peggety, you're a dear," he said, and if I had cried this time, it would have been for other reasons than mere fishiness. My Bufano was so delicate!

4

WE HAD a grand time, I can tell you. My Bufano took me here and there, now dancing, now eating, now tipping a wee beer, now riding a Fifth Avenue bus just for the ride, as idle as you please. Soon we were used to our scaly friend and his consequences. What if everybody *did* turn and give us a stare, with tiny wrinkles at the bridge of the nose? In a way, it was gaudy, you might say. Surely Small Peggety had never in her life attracted so much attention, either from eye or nostril. I will go farther. Our salmon became more than a novelty: he was, at last, a handy thing to have about the person. In a crowded situation, we could always get passageway — the mob just opened up for us, real respectful. In the eating places (my Bufano took me to some of the basement ones, away to the fringes of the great city, where, either through kinship with the proprietor or a grand little tip, there was never a question of accepting us with our third party), we used it for a little extra table, beside us, to hold an ash tray or perhaps a wee pony of spirits. There it was, squared off at both ends, like a piece of log, and it stood up steady and true, very convenient by the knee for a reach. And there our hands did brush against one another: that was when I knew that my Bufano was the nicest one of all.

"Indeed, what except my parcel of shortcomings led to the bliss of the evening? I had to be back to the Near Pantry by seven in the morning, which meant, at the latest, the 5.13 from Penn Station. It was still only about three in the morning when my Bufano, with the gentlest way in the world, said, 'My dear, don't you think that your salmon needs a little ventilation? I should hate, for your Mr. Saunders' sake, to have it fester and decay. It wants aeration. I propose that we go up to Central Park, and fold back the newspapers, and give it the night air to keep it tasty.'"

"That we did. We found a wee hillock, away

from the paved walks — ‘Asphalt!’ my Bufano had remarked as we had gone along the walks. ‘Your Mr. Saunders is everywhere’ — and we set up our fish on the hill and peeled away the newsprint and let the sweet, damp night get at it. We moved away a little, to wait for the salmon to grow mellow, when, next thing I knew, as natural as the dew all around and the constellations winking up there, Bufano got his arms about me. He could just barely make it with his short little arms and my girth, which he praised. And he stood on tiptoe and kissed me.”

Miss Peg’s voice had fallen low; her eyelids shaded her jovial eyes in a modest downward look. Mrs. Manterbaum sighed.

“Did you catch your train?” Johnny the busboy asked.

“I caught my train, Johnny,” Miss Peg said. “Yes, I caught my train.” She paused. “I never saw my Bufano again, either. He was the hit-and-run sort, you might say. But I don’t know, Johnny, it didn’t matter. That night did something for me.

You know, Mrs. Manterbaum, I have never been able to give sufficient worry to my faults since that night. Some would call me slack. . . . I don’t know. . . . Yes, I caught the 5.13, Johnny.”

“How was the fish next night?” Mrs. Manterbaum of the sugartooth wanted to know.

“When they brought it out to the Near Pantry, after the second serving,” Miss Peg replied, “I dared to cut away a wee snippet. I put it in my mouth. Oh, heavens, Mrs. Manterbaum! It faded on the tongue. It put this angel cake of mine to shame. And as I rested the morsel against my palate and let it warm my throat, the way the men do with their brandy, I squeezed out a sob, Mrs. Manterbaum, I’m not ashamed to tell you that, and I said to myself, ‘I’m not so bad as I thought, not half so bad.’ . . . *Well!*” Miss Peg said abruptly and more briskly. “Time to lock up.”

Miss Peg lifted the pan of delicacies and slid it onto the shelf where it belonged. She stood up and dusted the crumbs from the front of her dress, seeming to be rather pleased with herself.



A WARNING TO CONQUERORS

by DONAGH MacDONAGH

THIS is the country of the Norman tower,
The graceless keep, the bleak and slitted eye
Where fear drove comfort out; straw on the floor
Was price of conquering security.

They came and won, and then for centuries
Stood to their arms; the face grew bleak and lengthened
In the night vigil, while their foes at ease
Sang of the stranger and the towers he strengthened.

Ragweed and thistle hold the Norman field
And cows the hall where Gaelic never rang
Melodiously to harp or spinning wheel.
Their songs are spent now with the voice that sang;

And lost their conquest. This soft land quietly
Engulfed them like the Saxon and the Dane —
But kept the juttred brow, the slitted eye;
Only the faces and the names remain.



At the inauguration of Margaret Clapp as president of Wellesley College, ARCHIBALD MACLEISH spoke the words that follow. The act of faith which he pleads for will be doubly significant this June when our colleges and universities bring their thousands of seniors to Commencement. A man of action who is also a poet, Mr. MacLeish has the gift of calling out of us the elements which make an American.

THE ACT OF FAITH

by ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

1

EXCEPT for Banquo's ghost, who is present but is not expected to talk, I can think of no role less relevant to its occasion than that of the speaker at the inauguration of the president of an institution of learning.

It is not his place to welcome the new president to her post: the students have seen to that.

It is not his function to compliment the trustees on their good taste and sound judgment in her selection: the trustees have never questioned their possession of either quality, and besides, they have the proof before them.

It is not his privilege to remind the new incumbent of the superlative merits of her predecessor, of which she is only too anxiously aware, or to reassure her as to her own abundant qualifications to succeed that famous lady: everyone within sight of the platform is already and entirely satisfied on both points.

It is not even his duty to advise the new administration on the educational policy it should pursue — though I would not go so far as to contend that he *never* offers his willing back to that enticing burden.

His sole function — if it can be called a function — is to expose to an audience concerned, and properly concerned, with something else his private thoughts — which may or may not merit or survive exposure.

My private thoughts on this occasion can be compressed into one: a lively sense of the astonishing paradox of our presence in this room, for this purpose, in this year of the Republic's history.

Here is a great and distinctly American college, making the most emphatic affirmation of belief in the national future of which men are capable. And here, in the same country, and in the same hour, and from one end of the American Republic to the other, is something as different from that affirmation, as opposite to it, as contradictory, as the hu-

man mind could well conceive: a fear for the future, a nightmare terror of the future, a total lack of confidence in the future such as the world has not seen since the decade of the millennium, if, indeed, it saw it then.

To educate at all is to profess a faith in the future of the most explicit kind, since education, by its nature, assumes the future. To make a new beginning in education — and in educational institutions a new administration is always a new beginning, for it is by this method that educational institutions, like other shell-forming organisms, achieve their growth — to make a new beginning in education is to reaffirm that profession of faith, and to reassert it in a new confidence for the years ahead. Neither a new president, nor her officers, nor her trustees, nor her students could commit themselves to a new administration of the college unless they believed in the future — unless they believed that there would be a future — unless they believed that there was still *time*.

And yet, if we may trust what we hear, and what we ourselves say, and what goes on echoing in our minds even in this room and even at this moment, the people of this country have no such confidence. If we may trust what we hear, and what we find ourselves saying, and what our newspapers and our politicians tell us morning after morning, evening after evening, it is our conviction, both as a people and as a government, that we are already engaged in an ineluctable struggle for survival, with force or the threat of force as the necessary weapons — and those weapons so implacably destructive that they may well wipe out all human life across an entire continent, not inconceivably our own.

So convinced are we of the impossibility of a peaceful settlement that talk about the negotiation of peace is discouraged as wishful thinking by the Democratic Department of State on one side, and denounced as subversive activity by certain Re-

publican politicians and newspapers on the other.

So sure are we of the inevitability of conflict that a small group of Senators and members of Congress, undistinguished and unrespected men but raucously self-assured of their political sagacity, are busily preparing even now to make the next national election a competition in patrioteering with the prize of office to go to the man or the party which can prove that it has hated Russia loudest, longest, and with the most irresponsible invective.

Confidence in ourselves, confidence in mankind, the natural, normal, decent confidence of men of courage and character, has all but vanished from the Congress of the United States. And in the prolonged and inexplicable silence of the President there are few voices raised anywhere for what we used to think of as the American cause: the cause of the human future.

These two things, the affirmation of belief in the future, the surrender to fear for the future, do not go together. Above all, they do not go together in this room. If you are educating young men and young women for life, to live their lives — which is what liberal education is — you are not educating them for a vast and terrible struggle for survival to be fought between civilian populations, first with terror, and then with scientific devices for extermination.

And if, by the same sign, you believe that you are engaged in such a struggle of competitive terrorization and eventual destruction of civilian populations, with survival, to say nothing of "victory," depending on the reactions of your people to attack, you will not offer young men and young women liberal education. You will offer instead the kind of education some of our more demoralized politicians propose even now for the production of scientists. You will produce not men and women but Cold-War Soldiers, reared in antiseptic ignorance of every doubt or hope or aspiration, indoctrinated rather than instructed, whose neuter and unasking minds, packed with creed instead of questions like so many sawdust dolls, will give to every stimulus the appropriate response. It is not only the bigger bombs and the bigger bombers of the jingo press we need. If we are really engaged in a civilian struggle for survival, our greatest need is for a civilian population disciplined for such a struggle. We need, not colleges and universities, but arsenals of human beings. And we need them now.

2

THESE two things, the act of confidence in the future here, the terror of the future everywhere and here as well, can simply not be reconciled. They cannot live together. And yet they do. They do, within this room. How do they?

Is it because people like us, people of our kind, live our lives in separate compartments — because

we don't permit ourselves to know, as officers and teachers and students and friends of this college, what we know only too well, what we lie awake at night knowing, as men and women? Because we go on with our lives and our occupations out of habit and sheer inertia, repeating, now that they are meaningless, the forms and motions that once had meaning when the future was alive?

Is it because we deceive ourselves with hopes which we know only too well are deceptions — the hope that something will turn up even now, that something will happen, that Stalin will die or the Communists will change their minds or the Titoists will overthrow the Kremlin and everything will be different; the hope that the Cold War can be won as a cold war, in spite of the fact that a cold war, by hypothesis, is a war that can never be won because it is waged, not to accomplish something, but to prevent something from happening, and is therefore only effective as long as it goes on preventing?

Is it because we delude ourselves into thinking that somehow, in some way, by some miracle, *we* will be spared in this holocaust — *our* lives will be spared, or *our* days, or *our* college or *these* particular beginnings we inaugurate this morning? Is it because we think, like the Princes in Li Po's poem, that the howling of the yellow dogs is not for us?

I, for myself, do not think so. I do not think it is for any of these reasons we are able to do what we are doing here today. I do not think we are deluding ourselves, or hiding our fears from our hopes, or carrying on out of habit, or pretending not to know what in fact we *do* know.

I think the truth is the opposite. I think the truth is that we *do not* know what we *pretend* to know — what we pretend to know because we hear ourselves saying it over and over like parrots, or because we read it over and over in the speech the hypnotized politicians are constantly making, the same speech over and over with nothing but the speaker changing.

I think we *do not* know — we here in this room and millions of others in millions of other rooms across this country — I think we *do not* know that our time is a time of ineluctable war, of inescapable struggle for survival, which weapons and warfare must decide because only weapons and warfare *can* decide it.

I think we do not know this because we know it is not true. And I think the reason we know it is not true is not that we are childish as a people, but precisely that we are not childish. To believe that the great crises of human history are not resolved by threats and not resolved by arms is not childish. To believe that the fundamental choice between individual freedom and institutional authority which our world must make is not a choice which bombs *can* make for us, and therefore not a choice which bombs *will* make for us, is not childish. The childish thing is the infantile mentality, the movie-magazine

mind, which thinks a crisis like the crisis of our age can be the work of a handful of conspiratorial Communists, and *can* be resolved, and therefore *must* be resolved, by weapons.

We know very well we must arm ourselves for our own defense in a world in which Russia is armed. But we do not know, because we do not believe, that arms will be enough no matter how many, no matter how powerful. We do not believe this because we do not believe the decision can be reached by arms. We do not believe that what is in issue in our time is susceptible of armed decision.

There could be war. There could easily be war. Russian conduct over the past three years has been provocative and infuriating: a combination of calculated bluster and blundering deceit which only the gangster underworld could equal. The conduct of some Americans has been stupid and provocative also. It would be hard to equal, anywhere but in Russia itself, the irresponsibility and recklessness of certain members of the last two Congresses and certain newspapers and certain columnists. But because we could blunder into war with Russia through stupidity on either side, it does not follow that war with Russia is inevitable. And it is the *inevitability* of war which is the central question for this country, because it is the shadow of that fatality which freezes the creative impulses of our lives and exposes the most precious thing in America — the independence and self-respect of individual citizens — to the campaigns of dishonor and defamation which have become the political stock in trade of ambitious and unprincipled politicians.

3

WHAT is really in issue between the Russians and ourselves — what the evangelists of the inevitable conflict talk about day after day — is difference in belief. War is inevitable because our beliefs are different and because neither can live in a world dominated by the other. We, in the United States, must have a world in which individual liberty can thrive, for unless individual liberty can thrive throughout the world it cannot thrive here. The Russians must have a world in which authority is safe from freedom, for unless authority is safe from the aspirations of freedom everywhere it is safe from them nowhere. Therefore, the preachment goes, war must some day come, and until it comes the threat of war must be maintained.

But the evangelists of war forget two things. And it is these two things we and people like us remember, whatever words we use. They forget, first, that when they talk about the world they are not talking about the people of Russia and the United States alone. They are talking, as well, about 1400 million others who, as Secretary Acheson pointed out in his magnificent San Francisco address, are now stirring and moving in the long dream

of their history as men have never stirred and moved before. Whether the world will be authoritarian or free, will depend on the 1400 million as well as on ourselves. It will depend on the world they make for themselves — the world they are even now in the process of making. For the great central fact before us, the fact to which the evangelists of war have shut their eyes, is the new world — the fact that a new and wholly different world is in the process of creation in our time — the fact that it is this new world, this different world, which is the ineluctable event and for which we must prepare ourselves or perish.

That is one thing the evangelists of war forget. The other is this: that creation is not accomplished with weapons. You cannot make a world with weapons. You cannot shape a world in the image of liberty with weapons. You cannot even shape a world in the image of authority with weapons. Arms can be used to put down freedom, as they have been used again and again in human history. Arms can be used to overthrow authority, as we used them once, and as other peoples have used them both before and since. But they cannot be used to create. And the problem, both for us and for the Russians, is to create — to create in the new world the kind of life we severally believe in, the one kind or the other. It is there, on *that* battlefield, on the competitive battlefield of creative labor, not on the impotent battlefield of exterminating war, that the real issue will be decided. It is *that* struggle which is inescapable: *that* conflict, and not the conflict of arms, which must be faced.

To which the realists reply: Ah yes, but do the Russians know it? What will the Russians be doing while we create a world? Cutting our throats? Blasting us off the earth? No, there's nothing the Russians understand but force: nothing they respect but facts in being. All we can do is face them with force and facts until — what? The voice drags off into silence. Until they recognize the facts and say so? And what then? Will we believe what they say? Or go on with the force and the facts in the same old impotence until we come to the one conclusion to which force and facts invariably lead — the conclusion the hardheaded men have been telling us all along we would come to — the conclusion of war?

It is one of the defects of the American educational system, and has been for generations, that it turns out a self-styled "realist" mentality which equates belief in life with gullibility, and regards a fact as a fact only when it is ugly. No one can say, of course, what the Russians think. But every indication we have — even the sadistic and brutal "trials" and the palpably engineered "confessions" — every indication we have suggests that the Russians know very well where the struggle will be decided. Why otherwise torture their victims for confessions of guilt involving their enemies? Why

not shoot them offhand and be done with it? It is not for themselves or for us these grizzly dramas are played out, but for the audience of mankind.

When the Russians announced a little while ago that they were developing atomic energy for the purposes of peace — to “free mankind from its ancient servitude to toil” — the hardheaded realists in America shouted “propaganda.” What the Russians were really doing, they said, was building atomic bombs — hydrogen bombs maybe — anyway bombs. Perhaps it *was* propaganda; if it was, it was good propaganda for the 1400 million — better propaganda than ours with our promise of death by incineration on a bigger and better model than Hiroshima. But perhaps also — as a writer in the *Christian Science Monitor* quietly pointed out — perhaps it wasn’t propaganda after all. Perhaps the Russians really knew what they were doing. Perhaps they realized that a great new source of industrial power put at the disposal of their political philosophy might give them an advantage, previously enjoyed by us, in the struggle for men’s minds. Perhaps nothing would suit them better in Russia than precisely the delusive realism of our realistic men: the concentration upon bombs and weapons while the Russians went about their business of constructing the means to wage the actual struggle — the struggle for the creation of a world.

The *Monitor* correspondent may be right. But whatever the Russians intend or believe, the explanation of the American paradox lies in the fact that a great part of the American people feels in its bones, whatever words it may find in its mouth, that the conflict which divides our time is not a Russian-American conflict only, to be waged by facing up to the Soviets with a show of defensive force, however necessary the possession of defensive force may be. A great part of the American people believes that the real conflict is a very different conflict, a much broader conflict — a conflict for the soul and spirit of a world now coming into being: a new world. It is this profound conviction which explains the national restlessness under the negative and defensive foreign policy of the past four years. It is this conviction which explains the failure of the Formosa party in the Senate, even with the support of powerful sections of the press, to make any impression whatever on the country. It is this conviction which supported the enormous and spontaneous

enthusiasm aroused by the McMahon proposals. It is this conviction which is expressed from day to day across the country in actions like the action in this room, actions directed toward the future in confidence and faith.

There is a considerable body of Americans who, for all the talk, for all *their* talk, do not believe in the inevitable war, do not believe in the inescapable disaster, do not believe that the destiny of the Republic is to resist history and to oppose it, do not believe that the appearance of Communism, or the rise of Russia, or the invention of atomic bombs, has changed the role this people has to play. There is a considerable body of Americans who believe that the great decisions of history are made not by death but by life, and that we have a stake in life, and a talent for life, and that it is there, in the shaping of a new world, that that talent can be used and that stake protected and the decision made.

We are not, after all, a new and inexperienced people. We have governed ourselves for close to two centuries. We have seen something of human history on this planet and we have drawn our own conclusions from what we have seen. We know what it is to want what the peoples of Asia want and the peoples of Africa and Europe. We know what can happen when the great currents of life break over the banks of the old restrictions and move out toward the future. We believe, on the basis of what we have seen in this world, that men, if they can, will move toward freedom: that the desire for freedom and fulfillment is the law of the life of men as the pull of the earth is the law of the life of things. We believe, therefore, that if this new great stirring of mankind is freed of its necessities the world will move toward us. And it is there, in that labor, not in an insane and ruinous war, that we believe the struggle will be truly joined.

The paradox, then, resolves itself in that juncture. For if you believe, in spite of the squeaking ghosts, that life will go on in this earth, you prepare for life: you educate for life. Whatever your tongue may say, your heart continues to believe, and your actions are truer than your words — as this action here is truer than our words who take part in it — this action by which this college and this woman commit themselves once more to a belief in the free and creative future of mankind.



Author and naturalist, DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE has had the pleasure of collaborating with his son Noel in the preparation of a new volume, A Cup of Sky, to be published by Houghton Mifflin. Mr. Peattie's share of the book is exemplified by this deft and observant paper; Noel, still in high school, is a self-taught student of astronomy and he contributes, among other chapters, a cycle of papers on the phases of the moon.

IN QUEST OF FERN SEED

by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

I

FULL moon, on the night of May 10, 1941, guided the Luftwaffe to civilization's greatest target for destruction. On that night and the following, the German air fleet tried to burn and blast out the heart of London. The historic Temple was almost totally destroyed; the House of Commons, Westminster Abbey, the British Museum, the Fleet Street churches, the Mint, the Mansion House, and the Tower were either demolished or gravely damaged.

A few months later Londoners had piled the wreckage neatly and left the deep wounds clean, awaiting the day of peace and reconstruction. But in the meantime a strange flora rose in the bomb craters and the cellar holes seared by fire. Some of it was foreign weeds, such as a little plant whose Latin name of *Galinsoga* the Londoners changed to "gallant soldier." Others were quaint pastoral plants which you will find in Milton and Shakespeare. But most mysterious of all was the swift springing of the hart's-tongue fern wherever ground or wall had been blackened by fire.

In America the hart's-tongue fern is something so rare — growing in one county in New York State, one in Tennessee — that many who would learn their ferns must travel far to see it in nature. Its simple, strap-shaped leaves uncoiling in springtime rear up like some ancient serpentine creature; the wavy-margined fronds at the bottom of the pool of green forest light have a seaweed look, and the whole plant, in its setting of limestone rock and spray from a cascade, breathes tranquillity and reserve. The American hart's-tongue is shy as the last of a vanishing race.

But life is seldom through with her children, even the ferns, now reduced to the smallest of all the subkingdoms in the plant world. To the hart's-tongue she has given the gift of fertility, which is all but immortality. On every leaf, on the underside, there are about eighty slender, oblique clusters of

fertile capsules. About six thousand fruitful capsules fill each cluster, and in each of these crowd fifty tiny spores, light as pollen and viable as seeds. If each fern had only five leaves — and most have many more — then a single plant would produce one hundred and twenty million spores. And these have, it seems, the witchlike quality of sprouting best in burned ground, so that, blown from the English countryside, they came to cover with woodland green the broken stones of London.

I first knew the hart's-tongue fern in a rocky dell in southern France between the old walled village of St. Paul and the hamlet of La Gaude, a spot haunted by dreadful memories of the plague and by the pride and fall of the Templars, whose castle keep still stands near-by. I suppose that on that bank where the hart's-tongue grew among a drift of pale yellow primroses, under the shade of classic laurel and ilex, every good and bad thing one can imagine might well have happened. For that is always the way in such ancient ground; since the days of the Cro-Magnon man at least, perhaps ten thousand years ago, the hills above the Riviera have been continuously occupied, and sun-worshippers, stone-worshippers, oak-worshipping folk, have left their touch or sign on the place. And wherever there is worship, we are likely to find its dark side, fear; wherever a god walks, there goes a shadowing devil.

This I learned when I started out, in those Provençal years, to master all the ferns of the region. That was a simple task; there was only a handful of them — maidenhair and rusty-back, spleenwort and goldilocks, male fern and lady fern, and bracken, or brake — twenty kinds, as I remember. It was not too hard to learn their names in English, Latin, French, and Provençal. But I seemed never to get to the bottom of all that men had believed and hoped and even feared about these ancient plant spirits. For ferns, which to a modern American are simply a choice and aristocratic component of a

wood or a garden or even a drawing room, in Europe are the most hagridden thing still living.

For explanation I can only suggest — I do not know — that because ferns are what the botanist calls cryptogams (plants whose mode of reproduction was obscure before the days of the microscope) they earned the reputation of being unnatural. The simplest peasant could see that they had no flowers, neither did they bring forth fruit. Yet they increased — he guessed by some compact with dark powers. Fields that had been farmed in his grandfather's day — before the old wars — were taken over now by the bracken. Yet it had no seeds. When he turned the cattle in to browse it, they ate everything else but avoided it like poison (which in its mature stages it is). When he cut it with a scythe, he saw in the cut stem a pattern of the bundles of fibers that looked to some like an eagle with spread wings, to others like an oak. Some read in it the initials "J C." Was this profanity in the fern, or a seal upon it?

It was said, yea and by many believed, that the moonwort fern would open the locks of houses and of fetters and unshoe those horses that trod upon it. Thus did "the Earl of Essex, his horses, being drawne up in a body upon White Down in Devonshire," lose all their shoes. Gerard, the greatest of the English herbalists, called this fern martagon, and tells that the country people of his day believed that to sleep upon it would bring dreams and delusions.

2

NO ONE knows why the ancients picked on two kinds of fern and called one male fern and one female fern, for of course they are not two sexes of the same species; but the choice was made so long ago that it was already old when Aristotle wrote his lost book on plants. To tell of all the "lovely and scurrilous matters" connected with the male fern is something that even the herbalists shied from. Genghis Khan carried seed of male fern in his ring, and by it understood the speech of birds. To carry the seed in your pocket rendered you invisible. A character in one of Ben Jonson's plays explains: —

I had no medicine, sir, to walk invisible;
No fern-seed in my pocket.

We smile indulgently at this poetic fantasy, but the fern has a sly last word. From the time of Dioscorides, and long before, it had been believed that male fern taken internally was a vermifuge. A notorious quack sold a secret medicine to Louis XIV for fifteen thousand louis; upon analysis it turned out to be nothing but male fern. Actually that is still today the finest vermifuge.

The mediæval and classic Europeans meant by female fern what now we call the bracken, the lustiest fern of the temperate zone. And about it grew up the strangest practices of all. Their

origin comes down from the time when our ancestors were dwellers in a primeval forest, somewhere in northern or eastern Europe. They worshiped the sun and the oak, and their greatest festival was at the summer solstice, the longest day and the shortest night of the year. Even that brief night was, in honor of the sun god, illuminated with bonfires of oak wood. This custom they brought with them, as they moved into southern and western Europe; it was already thousands of years old when Christianity began to struggle with the widespread power of pantheism. Over the festival of the summer solstice it won but a nominal victory; it gave it a name, St. John's Day, but it could not exorcise all the elves and witches that capered in men's hearts upon that mysterious eve.

And none was so cherished, of all the practices of Midsummer's Eve, as the gathering of seed from the female fern. For on that night it bears a blood-red flower which is no sooner opened than its petals fall and are swallowed by the earth. But if you will spread a snow-white cloth beneath the fern at midnight, before the petals fall, you will catch too the magical deciduous seed. Get that seed but once in your possession, and the ground where you walk will become transparent. Thus you can find where rich men have buried their treasure.

Here were dark matters! The Council of Ferrara, in its session of 1612, consulted anxiously and then decreed a prohibition against the gathering of fern seed on that particular pregnant night: "*Prohibemus ac vetamus ne quis ea nocte, quae diem S. Johannis Baptistae natiuitatis sacrum praebet, filices, filicumque semina colligat.*"

You and I know that ferns have no seeds at all, but the good fathers of Ferrara were relying upon a botanical opinion even then outmoded: —

Although that all they that have written of herbes have affirmed and holden that the brake hath nether sede nor frute, yet have I dyvers tymes proved the contrarrye. . . . I have foure yeares together, one after another, on the vigill of Saynte John the Baptiste . . . soughte for this sede of brakes upon the nyghte and indeed found it earlye in the mornynge before the daye brake. The sede is small, black and like unto poppye. . . . I gathered it after this manner. I laid shetes and mollen leaves underneathe the brakes which receyved the sede that was by shakyng and beatynge broughte out of the branches and leaves. . . . I went about this business, all figures, conjurings, saunter's charms, wyche craft and sorceryes set aside, takyng wyth me two or three honest men to bere me companye.

Most patently this antique herbalist had seen and gathered something real — something that he might have obtained on many another eve as well.

To a genius of whose life almost nothing is known must go the credit for first distinguishing between the seeds of flowering plants and the seedlike spores of ferns. Dr. Valerius Cordus (1515–1544) of Wit-

tenberg in High Germany, where Hamlet studied and Dr. Faustus made his monstrous compact, realized that the "dust," as he called it, which grows upon "backs of ferns" was no true seed, since it has no nutrient store of food and no embryonic plantlet. Yet it is life-giving.

It took two centuries of work to unravel the life history of a fern. For ferns have an alternation of generations, such as is familiarly understood in the case of caterpillar and butterfly. But ferns are more devious in their generations than this. The fern plant as we know it commonly is the sexless stage, for the spores it bears are neither male nor female. The sexual generation, which is produced when a spore falls to the ground and sprouts, is sometimes not as large as the nail of your little finger, and passes — when it is seen at all — for a first tiny shoot of moss or a little liverwort lying flat on the ground. Again, it may be colorless and subterranean, like some tiny tuber. On the upper surface of this sexual stage are borne the reproductive parts, the egg cells passive in a little open receptacle, the male cells fitted, like polliwogs, with tails for swimming. What they swim in must be rain water or even a film of dew; from the union springs again the airy arc of a fern plant.

This sexual stage would appear to be the weak link in the life history of a fern weak in structure, weak in dependence on conditions. But it has held through unimaginable ages. Ferns with their fern allies were perhaps the first plants on land, and still today when you see a horsetail fern growing where the *terra* is not quite *firma* you are gazing upon a form of stem and node and leaf and a mode of reproduction — spores born in a conelike head — that is three hundred million years old. The ancestor of that plant, *Calamites*, was a giant in the great Age of Ferns, when through monotonous millennia the spores of those vanished forests drifted through the primordial damps to lay down the deep seams of our coal.

If ancient and distinguished lineage characterizes aristocrats, then the ferns are the most aristocratic plants that grow. They have other highborn traits. They disdain all gaudy display; they go in for refinement of detail; they are withdrawn in habit, and rather than live in an unbeautiful place, it seems, they would die. Nothing less than a green forest mansion will suffice the stately sword fern, the broad shield fern, the evergreen Christmas fern, the rattlesnake fern that our Southern mountaineers call "sang-sign" — sure sign, they mean (or hope), of the presence of "sang" or ginseng that they dig to be sold in the herb shops of far-off Cathay. The golden polypody crowns the tops of dry but shaded, lichen-covered boulders. The maidenhair loves dripping limestone cliffs. The filmy fern grows only where it is forever wetted by the spray of a waterfall or the bubbling lip of a spring. And some, like the Cretan brake and *Cyrtomium*, the holly fern,

which come from olden lands, will grow in America only on what little here is old — the walls of Fort Marion in St. Augustine, the mossy cemeteries of New Orleans.

So one by one you come to know them, first by their folk names of ebony fern and rue-of-the-wall, quillwort and baby fern, cinnamon fern and cat-whistles, and then, as you discriminate, by their scientific titles. Moonwort easily becomes *lunaria*, spleenwort *Asplenium*, royal fern *regalis*. Many a fern's classic name sounds like a dryad's: *Dryopteris*, *Thelypteris*, *Lastraea*, *Pellaea* — they have a charm and chime that you yield to at last.

And many kinds will soon proclaim to you their identity as far as you can see them, above all by their way of carrying themselves, or, as with your human friends, by their oddities and foibles. The walking fern, for instance, has a little tongue-shaped blade whose overarching point, stabbing the forest loam, strikes root and sends up from it a new shoot, to go marching on, even as the old one fails, till, it may be, the elvish plant tiptoes silently away from the haunts where you knew it. The hay-scented fern is known by its sweet reek of silage, the ebony fern by its shining black stems, the rare climbing fern by its resemblance to smilax, while the adder's-tongue scarcely seems a fern at all but looks like some little jack-in-the-pulpit or other aroid. The flowering fern does not really flower, but so ample and fertile, so colorful and unleaflike, are its spore-bearing spikes that it looks, as its clusters rise above the broad green vegetative fronds, like a stalk in bud, a shoot that might flower, if some new miraculous kind of spring would dawn.

And that is what, ultimately, happened among the ancient ferns in the course of geologic ages. They and their allies, after millions of flowerless years, reached a stage of development where their spores were of two sorts, the small ones giving rise to an alternate generation which bore only male cells, while the big ones gave rise to plantlets bearing female or egg cells. At this point a botanist would be hard put to it to say why the small spores were not pollen, as pollen is strictly defined. More, the sex generation, instead of existing as a separate plant, began to linger on the fern leaves, just as in flowering plants. Thus ferns developed seeds — true seeds, the result of fertilization of the egg cell by the male. So that, after all, there is, or there was once upon a Carboniferous time, such a thing as fern seed!

These seed ferns are the very species which, charred or drowned so long ago, became the bituminous and anthracite coal of today, and gave us murky skies and roaring cities. Better still, they gave us, by several evolutionary lines, the pines and cypresses, at last even the queenly orchid and, not less, the homely, indomitable "gallant soldier" that, with hart's-tongue fern, sprang up in the shell holes of London.

M.D.'s Wanted

As Director of Medical Affairs at Yale University since 1946, GEORGE B. DARLING knows at close hand the problems and pressures which beset our privately endowed medical schools and hospitals at the very time when there is a crying need for more and more doctors. A graduate of M.I.T. who received the degree of Doctor of Public Health at the University of Michigan in 1931, Dr. Darling served for ten years with the W. K. Kellogg Foundation of Battle Creek, rising to be its president and comptroller. During the war he was vice-chairman of the medical division of the National Research Council.

CAN WE PAY FOR OUR MEDICAL SCHOOLS?

by GEORGE B. DARLING

THE single most important national resource in the health field in the United States today is concentrated in our schools of medicine and their allied university departments. Here men and women learn to heal, to investigate. Upon them, all else depends. But what of the schools themselves? Faced with rising costs, unbalanced budgets, increasing deficits, extraordinarily complex community relationships, it is small wonder that university administrators and trustees all over the land have asked themselves — and each other — whether universities can afford their schools of medicine.

Our resources of mind and man power are not unlimited. There are just so many physicians, biologists, biochemists, pathologists, virologists, psychiatrists, teachers, research workers, in the country. There are not as many as one might think. Indeed there are not nearly enough, and there may be fewer schools in which to train them tomorrow than there are today. Some have closed, others totter, most are struggling. It would be well for some of the government agencies, voluntary organizations, professional societies, foundations, pharmaceutical and insurance companies, and private citizens to examine their present programs in the light of this hard truth.

Medical education is a tripod supported by three legs: education, research, and clinical service. These must be kept roughly balanced if the structure is not to topple. The leg of financial support for clinical service in hospitals has grown shorter and shorter of late. The research leg has grown to an unprecedented length and girth. The educational leg is slowly wearing away. There simply is not money enough. At a time when they should have the energy of a sorcerer's apprentice, our medical schools are very sick indeed.

The seventy-odd schools of medicine in the United States will have incurred deficits approxi-

mating \$10,000,000 this fiscal year. Such financial distress would be alarming at any time. Today, when we are making more demands upon the schools than ever before, the situation is doubly critical.

The cumulative effect of mounting deficits year after year is damaging in the extreme to the forty-one privately supported medical schools. Some schools have drawn increasing amounts from endowment capital and can no longer do so. Many others have been supported by general university funds assigned to the schools of medicine at the expense of other units of the university — gravely complicating the total university picture. Some universities have been able to meet large overdrafts for professional education temporarily because of increased funds from tuition where enrollments have been swollen through veterans' programs.

Costs have risen on every side. Endowment income has shrunk. Additions to endowment capital for educational purposes have been few, partly as a result of the national philosophy of taxation, and partly because it is now the fashion to give money for research rather than for education.

Only two cost factors have proved controllable — faculty salaries and plant rehabilitation. Thus, at a time when salaries should have been markedly increased, they have been "maintained" or advanced slightly. Only emergency repairs have been made to physical plants although technological advance calls for sensible replacement of equipment.

These minor economies have been in no way sufficient to offset rising operating costs for heat, light, and power, which have doubled in the last ten years. Salaries of technicians, secretaries, and maintenance personnel have had some adjustment upward because of competitive markets. The net result has been to depress the universities' most valuable and vulnerable asset — scientific manpower. This at a time when the faculties' responsi-

bilities have grown manyfold and when competition for their services has increased tremendously, as we shall see.

Why variations in costs

The individual costs per student vary widely from school to school. While for the nation as a whole the average cost is some \$2500 a year with an average tuition of \$500, some costs run as high as \$5000 or more a year, exclusive of subsidies to teaching hospitals and research grants.

When schools put the key members of the faculty for the clinical (third and fourth) years on their budgets, they are more expensive than schools that use volunteers with academic rank compensated in part by hospital appointments. This is not a guarantee of better education but it helps.

When a faculty is on a full-time basis, there is a greater opportunity for and interest in research, and members are more often drafted for clinical investigative leadership. Laboratories cost money. Yet this emphasis on the investigative method is a valued part of the physician's training.

Invisible costs

While it is generally recognized that four years and an M.D. degree do not constitute the education of a doctor, the role of the medical schools in subsequent training is not well understood. Before he can practice, most states require a year of internship in an approved hospital. Beyond this, however, men who are going into academic medicine, research, or the specialties require much longer periods of supervised experience. The minimum requirements are determined by Specialty Boards in surgery, pediatrics, and other fields, and must be obtained in hospitals approved by the boards. There are many such hospitals. So far as school-affiliated hospitals are concerned, the postgraduate instruction of specialists claims an important share of the time of the clinical faculty — perhaps 50 per cent on the average. Furthermore, most Specialty Boards require increasing amounts of basic science, which can only be provided by the schools.

This, then, represents an important, although invisible, component of the medical school activity. Invisible because most schools have no graduate divisions and consequently do not segregate the costs, enroll the men, or charge tuition. At Yale, for example, this year there are 220 undergraduate students and 170 who already have their degrees. If the education cost is divided by 390 instead of 220, the cost per student is reduced accordingly. Obviously, if we are thinking of aid on a per student basis, the graduate group is important.

It is becoming increasingly clear that a well-integrated graduate training program, the proper staffing of hospitals, and the adequate continuing education of practicing physicians all require the gradual evolution of a regional hospital network.

This presupposes a teaching hospital at the center, linked with large general hospitals, linked in turn with smaller rural units. Such programs imply a redistribution of accompanying educational costs.

The question is how to meet the cost. It is generally conceded that tuition rates for undergraduates cannot be increased appreciably. Traditionally there has been no charge for the graduates. Hospital residencies and internships carry little or no stipend other than board and room. Few men in such positions could afford to pay tuition. Hospitals do not now pay their tuition for them. It does not seem fair to ask patients to pay a surcharge for medical education at the time they are sick. Certainly Blue Cross and other insurance organizations can reasonably be expected to resist the inclusion of any such charges in their payments. Yet here is a significant educational cost which is now masked by the apprenticeship system and which must be met. Foundations or other agencies sponsoring graduate students or fellows might well pay the school a tuition fee even if it comes out of the stipend of the student.

Who finances hospital deficits?

Medical schools require hospital affiliation, and an infinite variety of partnerships has grown up across the nation. In some cases established community hospitals have been linked with the school. In others, university owned and operated hospitals have been built. In still others, universities have assisted in the construction of community hospitals to their mutual advantage.

Two important factors have contributed to the confusion that exists today where medical schools are still involved in hospital operating costs. One is the tradition that hospitals are charitable institutions that give service to people in accordance with need without regard to ability to pay. Consequently, if the university operates the hospital, it apparently assumes this obligation to provide such service and make up the deficit.

The other factor is the rather general assumption that if a school uses patients for instruction, even though it provides the full *medical care*, any deficit arising from their *hospitalization* is a proper charge against medical education. If the hospital comes out even on private and semi-private accommodations, any loss is on the wards — *ergo*, it should be assumed by the medical school. When these assumptions are shared not only by the hospital trustees but by the community at large, by officers of governmental units responsible for indigent cases, and by insurance companies, the situation is ruinous to schools so involved.

Here is a curious paradox. Many agencies of government provide complete hospital care for certain classes of patients often over the hill and far away from the medical school. Yet they inevitably resist meeting the costs of other classes of

citizens for either hospital or outpatient services at teaching centers. This results in the impoverishment of the centers by the very society they serve.

It is interesting to note that the Veterans Administration has located its newer hospitals near schools of medicine. Much of the planning under the Hill-Burton Act has failed to take into consideration the needs of educational and research programs. Even the Hoover Report, which makes much of the lack of over-all planning between governmental (both military and civilian) and voluntary hospitals, fails to emphasize the important relationship that must exist between such facilities and the teaching center.

If any partnership is to succeed, both partners should be strong — one must be. Unfortunately, both medical schools and hospitals today are in financial difficulty. One of the important contributing factors to hospital deficits is the shameful way in which local and state governments fail to meet their obligation to pay the actual costs of patients for whom they assume responsibility. Nowhere else can one order a commodity and by action of the state legislature pay only one third of the *cost*. When the state builds a road it expects the contractor to make a *profit* because he is in business for himself. The non-profit hospital, in business for the care of desperately ill citizens, must beg year after year for pennies with a tambourine. How *sapiens* is this *homo*? Once upon a time in this country, government encouraged the creation and development of great social institutions for the public welfare. How times have changed!

What has happened to gifts?

About twenty years ago a significant change began in the pattern of private giving. Before that time it had been customary for men of means and private foundations to support educational institutions through gifts for general endowment, for professorial chairs, sometimes for buildings. This was an era of healthy growth, generally well balanced from the point of view of the individual institution's needs.

This gave way gradually to a system of contingent gifts. At first these were still for general purposes, but depended upon some system of matching dollars. This was attractive for donors, who thus saw their dollars multiplied and others stimulated to follow in their footsteps. This contingent idea gradually matured into a pattern of special-purpose grants for the operation of specific programs with a time factor. Often the donor gradually reduced his support and the university agreed to take up the balance as he withdrew.

These patterns of private philanthropy were both logical and useful in earlier days. Unfortunately, they were crystallizing at a time when the underlying economic and social philosophies, as determined by national (Congressional) policies,

were being radically revised. Income, inheritance, and corporation taxes and surtaxes drastically changed the situation. The problem of survival, let alone the continuity of managerial control of closely held family businesses, became a critical matter.

Slowly a whole new series of corporate structures came into being. Family trusts appeared on the scene, to be modified in form with each succeeding change in the tax program. This not only greatly reduced the amount of private funds available for gifts, but precipitated much of this money into foundations. Founders could hardly be blamed, under the circumstances, for wanting not only to maintain a high degree of control, but also to keep intact the principal funds — spending only the income as a general rule. This process automatically reduced the "venture capital" for philanthropy to 3 or 4 per cent of what it was before. A million dollars became \$35,000 overnight.

Furthermore, as this process continued, a formalization of foundation programs developed, with a strong tendency to follow the patterns of established leaders. Now during this same period there was a gradual growth in the appreciation of the value of research. This led to the practice of making small supplementary grants-in-aid for a limited period of time for particular research projects. They presupposed a faculty and teaching program in good working order with laboratories available. The man with an idea was given literally a grant-in-aid. The university was properly expected to give time, space, overhead, and operating expenses as its share. For a very small amount of money, the donor had the satisfaction of a partnership in a worth-while enterprise, with some of the vicarious thrill of grubstaking the modern intellectual equivalent of a sourdough, always with the possibility that a rich strike might be made.

This was so appealing that a new trend was started and donors sprinkled ever increasing numbers of small grants-in-aid clear across the board, seeking diversification in the same way that an investor tries to balance his portfolio or a gambler hopes for the long odds by playing individual numbers at roulette. The method required no long-term commitments (or so it was thought) and no invasion of capital.

During the same period, we find the growth of voluntary societies interested in particular diseases. These societies collect money from the public for health causes. They were also logically attracted to this same pattern of giving.

Then came the Second World War. We discovered overnight that military tactics and strategy were limited in decisive ways by health factors. Medical and biological sciences were enlisted in the total war. Medical research became big business. Nation-wide coördinated research efforts were made in many fields and contributed greatly to the war effort. While research institutes — government,

private, and industrial — played important roles, much of the effort was carried by the medical schools because there the clinicians and the basic sciences meet. Grants-in-aid became contracts for project research. Money poured into the program. The schools took on new characteristics. Research which had formerly been part and parcel of the total school program now had an identity of its own. Large amounts of space were given over completely to these programs. A huge auxiliary staff came into being, housed in the universities but only loosely attached to them.

The success of this all-out effort led inevitably at the end of the war to an attempt to transfer the main features of this program to the solution of civilian health problems. Research became the order of the day. All organizations are now concentrating on this field with greatly augmented funds. They turn again, as they must, to the medical schools. Yale today has more money to spend on research than it does on its teaching faculty.

Lest there be any misunderstanding, let it be very clear that it is not a question of less money for research, but of more for education, and a firmer support for the hospitals, if the schools are to grow into the Paul Bunyan stature required by the demands placed upon them today.

Rivalry for manpower

What are the results of the stresses and strains induced by the present distortion in financial support?

I know a department that desperately needs a major new appointment on permanent tenure at perhaps \$10,000 or \$12,000 a year. The man exactly suited for the job is available, but there is no money in the school budget to make the appointment. Yet the same department has grants-in-aid of many times that amount for subsidiary personnel and research. Furthermore, if the man could be appointed, there is no doubt that he in turn would then be pressed to accept large grants. This is a new way for donors to attract to a program many working dollars for each of their own, but alas, no one is interested.

Increasing numbers of competent professional men and women are engaged on project research. They are not a part of the regular school staff. Their appointments are dependent upon the length of their grants. The practice has grown up of paying higher salaries to offset the lack of tenure.

Occasionally the situation produced verges on the ridiculous. Take school A, which has a modest program carried on its own budget and which has not requested outside funds. School B, without such a program, applies for and is granted funds to establish one — on a grant basis. Since a higher salary will have to be paid to draw a competent person away from an academic post, the necessary figure is included in the budget. Presently the first

school loses its man to the second because of the salary differential, which it is powerless to correct out of its own funds. Then, in order to continue its own program, it must in turn seek a grant-in-aid and pirate another school for the leadership it needs.

Fellowships, too, present their own problems. Agencies have a flexibility that schools do not. A man who has been sent to school on a \$3500 tax-free stipend is hardly interested in a starting instructor's salary of \$3500, or even \$4000, subject to income tax. It is granted that the salaries of instructors are too low, but if these are increased, commensurate increases have to be granted all along the line — and the medical schools are out of funds, remember?

One of the most difficult problems to deal with in project research lies in the confusion caused by the long period of uncertainty as to whether funds will be granted or not. This is particularly true with Federal funds. Men cannot wait until a few days before their appointment begins, to decide which job to take. Forward financing and commitments for a period of years are absolutely necessary if chaos is to be avoided.

Divide and confuse

The complex compartmentalization of research interest today hardly seems geared to the essential universality of a really important idea. How does one know whether a plan for an investigation of hormones should be submitted to an organization interested in cancer or poliomyelitis, heart disease, sex research, or human reproduction? Conversely, how can such organizations be sure that they can exclude it as not having any relation to their fields of activity?

This splinter approach can become an important factor in increasing the tendency to divisiveness that makes teamwork more and more difficult. It is carried to absurdity when we have large grants made available for the construction of laboratory facilities with the proviso that these must be used exclusively for cancer or for cardiovascular research, or whatever, and no funds to strengthen the laboratories here and there where important work is going on in these same fields. This is progress in retrograde.

No money for overhead

But surely with all of these headaches these grants-in-aid must prove a financial bonanza to the medical schools? When the government builds a ship or a school, it expects to pay the contractor his operating overhead and a profit besides. A non-profit institution cannot, of course, make a profit. But certainly the schools should be given enough to cover the operating costs? Not at all. The out-moded custom of twenty years ago still dominates.

For example, Yale has out-of-pocket operating

expenses and overhead of 25 per cent with only emergency outlays for building rehabilitation. This will not seem unreasonable to any businessman or industrialist. If the grantors, in view of the plight of the schools and the value of their contribution, were willing to pay the indirect as well as the direct costs of the work carried on under their grants, Yale would receive \$200,000 instead of the \$40,000 it obtained for this purpose a year ago. Sometimes it almost seems that every precaution is taken to ensure that no dollar by mistake should go toward the major program of the schools, which, curiously enough, is training of the very men upon whom all research depends!

Clinical research

There is one more problem in the area of clinical research that requires comment. Under the limitations of present hospital financing, it is necessary for an investigator with an idea to wait for patients with the illness he wants to investigate to present themselves at his hospital — along with the money to pay for their hospitalization. He cannot encourage indigent patients to come to the hospital and increase the deficit in the name of research. Perhaps no more profitable use of funds for clinical research could be found than to meet part of such selected patients' hospital bills. Otherwise, a proper series of cases cannot be treated in a reasonable period of time except in the highly specialized hospitals in the large metropolitan centers. Certainly research maintenance funds have a clear priority over construction funds.

Recommendations

The medical schools of this country hold the key to our own health as well as that of future generations. The manner in which they discharge their responsibilities of instruction and research is of immediate and personal concern to every one of us.

We must somehow strive to return the responsibility for education, research, and service to the universities, and the responsibility for their financing to those who are benefited, each according to his share.

We need a system of priorities if we are to maintain and enlarge our main effort. The support of university chairs of biophysics, microbiology, preventive medicine, psychiatry, to name but a few, certainly comes before project research measured in any terms.

The greatest need now is for funds to support the core of the educational program, the faculty, and

staff. The nation will respond both individually and collectively if it understands the real problem. Intelligent redirection of private resources can help immeasurably. In industry both management and labor have a real stake in the issue. The specialized health agencies should be greatly concerned. Alumni should take a second look.

Life insurance companies whose own balance sheets show them to be the happy beneficiaries of this remarkable collaborative effort would do well to invest in the basic medical educational institutions in some reasonable proportion to their indebtedness. There is still time.

Physicians who show great concern about the possible fate of some of our social institutions today might pause for a moment to consider the plight of their own alma maters. One hundred dollars a man a year would wipe out the deficits. What of their own indebtedness?

If government aid is required, it should be designed to strengthen the main structure and be based on a formula that will guarantee continued and predictable support year after year. A teaching staff cannot be built on a fluctuating budget.

Hospital planning must be re-examined and related regionally to the larger needs of teaching and research. The universities must be relieved of a crushing welfare load that is not properly a function of education.

Fluid research funds of appreciable size should be made available to the universities to assist men on their faculties with at least the preliminary exploration of promising ideas.

Beyond this, there is a real place for supplementary funds from both government and private sources to forward special programs designed to meet recognized national needs. Such funds should carry *all* of the costs of such work so as to strengthen and not weaken the basic structure. They should be flexible enough to fit into the institutional plan at the point of greatest need and not require a devastating reorganization simply to qualify for financial aid. The schools themselves must take the responsibility for intelligent coordination of the research programs they accept with their principal mission.

None of this can be accomplished by any one group acting alone. The successful operation of the program is vital not only to society as a whole but to you and me and those we love. Let us all help, each in his own way. All hands are needed — now!

We cannot afford to be without our medical schools.



An Atlantic Story



JAMES YAFFE made his first appearance in the *Atlantic* with his short story "Mr. Feldman," which we published in January, 1949. This is his second, and we hope for more to come. When pressed for details about himself, he wrote us: "Born in Chicago in 1927, moved to New York with my family very young, educated at Fieldston High School and Yale, spent a year in the Navy, got out of Yale with my M.A. degree, and spent a year in Paris."

POOR COUSIN EVELYN

by JAMES YAFFE

EVEN before the trouble with poor cousin Evelyn, we all knew what a terror Uncle Hyman could be when something went wrong. Something going wrong, for Uncle Hyman, meant somebody disagreeing with him, contradicting one of his opinions on business affairs, interrupting one of his long complicated speeches about the political situation, ignoring his advice on some subject or other, or just bothering him in some completely unintentional way. Like the time cousin Marvin's little boy, Johnney, pointed his finger at Uncle Hyman's stomach and said, "You have a potbelly!" Johnney was only three and a half years old at the time, but for a whole six months after that Uncle Hyman and Aunt Selma wouldn't let Marvin and Julia into their apartment.

Uncle Hyman was the richest member of the family. He lived in a big penthouse on Park Avenue, and his business, which he had built up by himself since he was a young man, was so successful that it put him in a completely different class from any of the other uncles. But even in the old days, when Uncle Hyman popped out of nowhere and married into the family, his success was already a little staggering. For this reason — and quite rightly, I think — Uncle Hyman had always commanded an extra amount of respect from the rest of us. Without implying for one moment that any of us were actually afraid of him, I may say that there was hardly a single one of us who hadn't received, at one time or another, a taste of Uncle Hyman's temper.

Only temper isn't really the right word. Never once, in all these years, did Uncle Hyman raise his voice or lose control of himself. Mad as he may have been, he always stayed perfectly calm and

cool, so when he opened his mouth to talk, you couldn't positively be sure that he was mad at all — until you heard the things that he said. And though he never wasted words, Uncle Hyman could say things that — well, that you would never forget all the rest of your life. Without blinking an eye, he could say things that would strip away every bit of self-respect and self-defense that a person had, and go right to the spot where it hurt most.

But of course, none of us ever saw him so mad as he was that time with poor cousin Evelyn.

When cousin Harry Shapiro — Aunt Fanny's son from New York, not cousin Harold from Denver — announced his engagement to Evelyn Rosen from St. Louis, the family opinion was divided. Half of the family thought that Harry had made a very nice choice. Evelyn Rosen was a sweet, pretty little girl from a fine St. Louis family. Her father was a doctor — a professional man — and in our family, where most of the men have gone into business — except for Uncle Stanley, who never went to work at all — we have a great deal of respect for professional men.

Evelyn herself was not only sweet and pretty, but also highly intelligent. She was a graduate of Vassar College, where she had studied social psychology. For three years after college, she had practiced her social psychology by visiting the poor in St. Louis, and as Aunt Fanny explained to us, "doing a lot of good work." To many of us, it seemed like a very good thing that Harry should be getting such an enterprising, independent girl. Nobody for one minute would accuse Harry of being lazy, but it is true that he has always had a tendency to be a little too easygoing, to sit back and just sort of let things

happen around him. Not that Harry is stupid or anything — on the contrary, he was always a bright boy, and he did very well at Columbia — but he just needs a little extra push from time to time, and it seemed to many of us that Evelyn was the right kind of person to give it to him.

2

IN FACT, before any of us had even met her, we had a good idea of Evelyn's cleverness. Harry showed around some of the letters which she wrote to him from St. Louis, before she finally came to New York for the wedding. (I ought to explain that, since Evelyn's mother was dead and she had no other relations but her father, Dr. Rosen, the usual custom was reversed and the wedding was given by Aunt Fanny in New York.) Anyway, her letters were surprisingly clever and bright, full of funny turns of phrase and especially little bits of poetry. Evelyn had a wonderful talent for writing poetry, Harry told us. She could whip up a verse or two for any occasion, in practically no time at all. She turned them out so quickly that sometimes Harry thought that her mind must work in rhyme. Evelyn's friends in St. Louis, Harry told us, wouldn't think of giving a party without asking Evelyn to write some poems for the invitations or the place cards.

In one of the letters that Harry showed us there was a little poem about her coming marriage which gives an idea of Evelyn's cleverness: —

"In one week and a half, I'll go to New York
To change my name — oh, dear, oh!
For twenty-odd years I've been Evelyn Rosen,
But from now on I'll be Evelyn Shapiro.

Oh, how will I ever, when people address me
By the brand-new name that I've chosen,
Prevent myself from replying to them,
'Excuse me, but my name is Rosen!'"

It went on for a few verses more, and in every verse there was a different rhyme. So those of us who thought that Harry had made a good choice could always hold up Evelyn's talent and intelligence as evidence.

As a matter of fact, even the people whose opinions weren't so favorable didn't deny Evelyn's cleverness. It was wonderful that she was so clever, they said. It was almost too wonderful. They suggested that Evelyn had too good a notion herself of how wonderful it was. She was a little bit snooty maybe about her Vassar education, her professional family, and her poetical gift, and maybe she thought herself too high for a family that didn't have any greater ambitions than to run honest businesses, and make good livings, and lead ordinary, decent lives.

But there is no sense going into any more detail about this opinion. Some of it was pure jealousy and envy, and carried to extremes, it became just plain silly. Like when Aunt Caroline said, at Grand-

ma's house one Sunday afternoon, that in her opinion Evelyn was nothing more or less than a scheming little gold-digger who was marrying Harry for his money. Though everybody knew that Harry didn't have any money, except the small insurance annuities which he and Fanny had been collecting since Ed's death, and the salary which Harry got, working for Uncle Mike in the retail shoe business — and knowing Uncle Mike, we were all pretty sure that Harry wasn't getting to be any millionaire that way. And as for poor Evelyn being a scheming gold-digger, or a scheming anything else for that matter, all you had to do was talk to her for half an hour, and you could see how ridiculous that was.

On the other hand, not all of Evelyn's critics were as wild and hysterical as Aunt Caroline — who hated to see anybody in the family get married — but there were even a lot of sensible, convincing ideas put forth. Right from the start, for instance, there were certain habits of Evelyn's which could hardly escape notice — the way she was always the first one to laugh after someone made a joke, but her laughter was always the quickest to die away; the way she smiled at everybody and everything, even when there was nothing to smile at; the way she pushed forward her sharp little head, her sharp little nose and chin, when she had something to say, but darted them to the right and left, rolled her eyes, and forced back her yawns, when anybody else was talking. There were certain members of the family — and especially Uncle Stanley, with his notorious sense of humor — who never failed to allude to one or another of these habits whenever Evelyn was brought into the conversation.

I for one didn't belong to either party, but preferred to reserve my opinion until I knew cousin Evelyn better.

In any case, regardless of individual feelings, the treatment which Evelyn received, when she and Dr. Rosen arrived in New York a week before the wedding, was equally generous and warmhearted from all quarters. Not a night went by that she wasn't invited to dinner, taken to the theater, or entertained with a party. In the afternoons, the various aunts and female cousins took turns going shopping with her and giving her tea. She couldn't live on West End Avenue, in Fanny's apartment, of course — because Harry was there — so Aunt Rita and Uncle Mike, who was Harry's boss and had always taken a kind of fatherly interest in him, put Evelyn up in their place on Central Park West — there was a spare room, while Teddy was at college — and everyone said that they had never seen Uncle Mike spend so much money in his life. And in short, everyone pitched in to show a wonderful time to the girl who was going to be Harry's wife, because we were all very fond of Harry. We all remembered him as a boy of sixteen, the year after Ed died, going out to a dance in his first tuxedo — we remembered him at his graduation from Columbia, looking so

studious in his cap and gown — we remembered him as a very little boy, the youngest of the male cousins, singing the songs at the family Seder, on the Passover. And so, not in a million years, no matter how strongly they might feel, would anybody in the family do or say anything to disappoint Harry.

3

I **TOUGHT** to explain at this point that the only member of the family that Evelyn didn't meet, during this week before the wedding, was Uncle Hyman. She met Aunt Selma, who was charmed with her and invited her twice for dinner in the penthouse on Park Avenue, but Uncle Hyman was away on a business trip, and he wouldn't get back until late Saturday night, the day before the wedding.

Evelyn, of course, heard a lot about Uncle Hyman from Harry and from the rest of us. She was practically one of the family, wasn't she? — this is the way everybody reasoned — so why shouldn't she be let in on the family gossip? Besides, if nobody else told her, Fanny certainly would, because poor Fanny just couldn't keep her mouth shut. So, in that week before the wedding — as Evelyn went from house to house, from Shapiro to Shapiro, with pudgy little Dr. Rosen always standing a few steps behind her and smiling vaguely — she picked up bit by bit all the family legends about Uncle Hyman, all the stories that nobody dared repeat to Uncle Hyman's face.

From Aunt Rita, she heard about the time Uncle Hyman was coaxed into giving a thousand dollars to Aunt Rita's favorite charitable organization — the Home for the Jewish Orphans of Something-or-Other — and then, because of a secretarial mistake, he never received an official acknowledgment of his contribution. Believe it or not, Uncle Hyman actually phoned his bank and stopped the check. And from that day to this, he refused to give one cent to any charity that Aunt Rita had anything to do with.

From Uncle Mike, Evelyn heard the story of the big underwear manufacturers' dinner — that was Uncle Hyman's business, underwear — at which Uncle Hyman was supposed to make the leading speech. He was in the middle of a long series of statistics about the relationship of income taxes to price grades when one of the minor underwear manufacturers, a little man named Goldfarb, who had drunk a few too many Martinis before dinner, suddenly interrupted the speech with a loud, clear belch that sounded through the room, like the striking of a gong. Poor Goldfarb turned all colors and tears came to his eyes. Uncle Hyman just looked at him for a moment, then went on with his statistics in the same deep, droning voice. But two months later, Goldfarb was out of business.

Evelyn listened to these stories, and to a lot more — Aunt Caroline had a specially large stock of them

— and her reaction to them wasn't at all what anybody expected. Instead of cringing, or wringing her hands, or gasping nervously, which was the usual procedure among female members of the family when they looked forward to an encounter with Uncle Hyman, Evelyn simply raised her sharp little chin, showed her bright neat teeth, and laughed. Her laugh was as sharp as her face, with a kind of a businesslike edge to it that expressed much better than words all the natural self-confidence of a person who had studied social psychology at Vassar and therefore knew how to handle people.

This was the laugh that Evelyn produced one afternoon, three days before the wedding, when the whole family was gathered at Grandma's. The only person who wasn't there was Aunt Selma — she was in bed with the sniffles; there was never a woman like Aunt Selma for going to bed with the sniffles — so Uncle Stanley took the opportunity to tell the story of Uncle Hyman and Aunt Selma on their wedding night. I will not bother to repeat this story in detail — the facts of it have always been extremely obscure, anyway — suffice to say, it has something to do with Uncle Hyman being called away from his apartment on his wedding night by an important business deal — though one version of the story says that it wasn't his wedding night at all, but the night after — in any case, nobody is really sure that the whole thing ever happened in the first place — Uncle Stanley is really the only one of the family who still claims to believe in it — and indeed, there are strong reasons to suppose that Uncle Stanley may have made up the story himself.

Anyway, on the afternoon of which I speak, Uncle Stanley finished telling this story to Evelyn and settled back in his chair, with his long legs stretched out in front of him and one of his cool, ironic smiles on his face.

Evelyn laughed for a while, and then she smiled at all of us. "You know what I think?" she said. "I think you're all wrong about Uncle Hyman. I don't think he's the way you say he is at all."

"That's the truth," Aunt Caroline said. "We haven't told you the half of it yet."

Evelyn shook her head, politely but firmly. "No, I'm sorry, I don't believe that this terrible monster really exists. It's just that you're all a little scared of him, because evidently he has a very commanding personality —"

"To put it mildly," said Aunt Rita, under her breath.

"— but it's my experience that the people with the most commanding personalities are really the shyest, most timid people on earth. In fact, I wouldn't be at all surprised if Uncle Hyman wasn't suffering from an inferiority complex. Now tell me frankly, have any of you ever really tried to know him, to get close to him, I mean?"

Uncle Stanley laughed. "Have you ever tried to get close to a man-eating lion?"

"Oh, nonsense!" Evelyn cried. "Uncle Hyman's no man-eating lion. I'm sorry, you can't convince me of that. He's got his human side, just like anyone else, and it's simply a question of finding out what it is and catering to it."

"And you expect to do the catering?" Uncle Stanley said.

"I certainly do." Evelyn gave a very positive nod of her head. "I'm sure I know enough about psychology, and human nature, to get along with anybody. And I certainly don't intend to start off in Harry's family by being afraid of one of his uncles. You wouldn't want that, would you, dear?"

She looked at Harry. He looked back at her with his eyes wide and his cheeks glowing, absolutely unable to say a word.

"Well, I'm all for it," said Uncle Mike, in his heartiest manner. "If Evelyn can find some sort of a human side in Hyman, then by God, more power to her, I say."

"But she'll never do it," said Aunt Caroline.

"Oh, won't I?" Evelyn said. "You just watch. I'm willing to bet that your horrible Uncle Hyman turns out to be the sweetest, gentlest little lamb in the world."

At this we all started laughing. And as the laughter faded away, Aunt Fanny nodded her head, and smiled, and spoke in her quiet, placid voice, "Well, you know, I really think, if anybody can do it, Evelyn is the one."

The conversation moved on to other things, and the afternoon finally broke up with Evelyn reading a poem which she had written for Grandma. It began:—

"Your hair is white, your face is wrinkled,
It's been a long time since your eyes twinkled,
Your hand is shaky, your voice has a quaver,
But your spirit, dear Grandma, will live on forever. . . ."

As Evelyn recited, Grandma sat huddled forward in her chair, nodding her head and trembling and not hearing a word. But the rest of the family was very impressed, and we applauded enthusiastically at the end.

4

I WILL now skip, with no further introduction, to Sunday, the day of the wedding. It wasn't the biggest wedding the family had ever seen—it didn't compare with the wedding that Aunt Selma and Uncle Hyman gave for their daughter, Grace, when she married the Lustig boy from Detroit—two whole floors in the Hotel Pierre were taken up by that wedding, and nobody could ever count the cases of champagne. Fanny, of course, couldn't afford to entertain on such a scale, even with the help she got from Uncle Mike and Aunt Rita. The wedding was held in Fanny's living room—young Rabbi Schickman, who had succeeded old Rabbi

Samuels, performed the ceremony, and only the immediate family, little Dr. Rosen, and a few close friends attended. Then everybody took taxis to Uncle Mike's apartment for the reception.

The reception was bigger, and included not only the immediate family, but the distant family also, second, third, fourth, and fifth cousins, once, twice, and three times removed, their wives, children, and in-laws, as well as friends of the bride and groom, and a few miscellaneous friends who were almost members of the family themselves, like old Mr. Julius Gold, who used to be Grandpa's partner in the jewelry business, and old Mrs. Callahan, who had been the family nurse and had been taking care of us all when we got sick as long as most of us could remember. Besides these people, the only strangers that I can think of offhand were Evelyn's bridesmaid, a little Southern girl named Sally, who had also graduated from Vassar, and Sally's mother, a dignified gray-haired Southern lady, who sat in a corner most of the time, fanning herself with her handkerchief—though it was a cool autumn day—and becoming slowly dizzy on champagne.

Evelyn looked charming all the way through. She wasn't really a very beautiful girl, but she had nice pleasing features, especially in repose, and she could look quite pretty when she got herself up. Her appearance in the archway of Aunt Fanny's living room, in her long white wedding dress, was very impressive, even stunning. And as she started walking, with Dr. Rosen next to her, between the rows of chairs to the other end of the room, where Harry and Rabbi Schickman and cousin Marvin, who was Harry's best man, were standing, many of the family who had been most suspicious and antagonistic lost all their suspicions and antagonism in a moment.

Evelyn changed her clothes before the reception, and appeared at Uncle Mike's in a pink organdy evening dress which, though it wasn't quite as stunning as her wedding dress, was still very nice indeed. It was at this reception that Evelyn would finally be introduced to Uncle Hyman, and for some of us this promised to be the most interesting event of the day. It didn't take place, however, for nearly half an hour. According to custom, as soon as all the guests had arrived, Evelyn and Harry, with Fanny and Dr. Rosen, took their places in one corner of Uncle Mike's big living room, and everyone else filed past in a long line to shake Harry's hand and kiss Evelyn's cheek and wish them congratulations.

When I say everyone, I mean of course everyone except Uncle Hyman and Aunt Selma. They were seated together on the most comfortable sofa, in the middle of the room—Uncle Hyman was settled back against the cushions with his arms folded over his chest and his fat cigar sticking from his mouth; Aunt Selma was squeezed into the space that remained, watching Uncle Hyman constantly with her

flickering little eyes, jumping to her feet whenever he grunted at her, and scurrying off to fetch him a drink or a sandwich or a match for his cigar. If Evelyn and Harry wanted congratulations from Uncle Hyman, they would have to go to him and get them. And what's more, none of us found this strange or unusual. In fact, we would have found it much more strange and unusual if we had seen Uncle Hyman standing in line with everybody else.

Finally, the kissing and handshaking were over, and then Aunt Fanny, very flustered and nervous, took Evelyn with one hand and Dr. Rosen with the other, and nodded at Harry to follow behind, and led them all over to Uncle Hyman's sofa. They stopped in front of Uncle Hyman, and Fanny shifted on her feet and sighed a little, and shifted some more, until finally Harry had to step forward and speak out, in a steady voice — maybe a little bit steadier than he felt — “Uncle Hyman, I want you to meet my wife, Evelyn, and her father, Dr. Rosen.”

Evelyn didn't seem in the least bit nervous, though her manner was somewhat more subdued than usual. She took a step forward, held out her hand, and said, in a small, almost girlish voice, “I'm so glad to meet you.”

Whether or not Uncle Hyman was glad to meet her, he didn't say right away. For almost a whole minute, he looked Evelyn up and down with his heavy jaw thrust forward and his arms folded over his chest. The expression on his face remained exactly the same — that is, no expression at all — and the smoke appeared regularly from his cigar.

Suddenly he unfolded his arms and shoved out his hand towards Evelyn, though he ignored Dr. Rosen completely. “You're prettier than they told me,” he said. He covered Evelyn's little hand in a tight grip. “How did you get such a pretty girl, Harry?” Uncle Hyman's cigar shifted to the other side of his mouth, and his thick lips curled into something like a smile. “I tell you what, Evelyn, how would you like to sneak away from this guy after the party, and you and me can make a night of it?”

All around Evelyn, there rose a sigh of relief. Uncle Hyman was in one of his good moods; his business trip must have turned out well. Aunt Fanny smiled placidly, and Aunt Rita giggled, and Harry grinned. But Evelyn didn't seem at all excited by her good luck. She laughed loudly, the same sharp confident laugh that we all knew quite well by that time. “Well, you're not as tough as everyone makes out,” she said.

Our laughter calmed down, and we all looked a little uncertainly at Uncle Hyman. But his good humor was evidently indestructible tonight. “Oh, I'm not, am I?” he said. “Wait till you know me better.” Then he reached out and gave Evelyn a loud, hard slap on her thigh. Then he threw back his head and began to roar with laughter, booming out as I've heard him do only one or two other

times in my life, while his whole body, from his big heavy feet to the tip of his cigar, shook. Pretty soon, everybody else started laughing, too.

Finally, Uncle Hyman's roar subsided to a chuckle. “Selma's been telling me, you're some kind of a genius or something. Is that right?”

Evelyn lowered her eyes, very pleased. “Oh, now why do people have to tell stories like that —?”

Uncle Hyman interrupted her. “That's okay. I like smart women. Too damned few of them these days. Especially in this family.” He looked around from Aunt Caroline to Aunt Rita to Aunt Fanny, and ended up with an especially long look at Aunt Selma. Then he turned back to Evelyn. “Okay, Ev, old girl! Go get me a drink, will you?”

Evelyn gushed out that she certainly would, but was he sure he could hold it at his age? Uncle Hyman answered that he damned well could, and would she like to find out what else he could hold at his age? This brought on more laughter, then Evelyn hurried off with Harry to the champagne, and the rest of us began to talk among ourselves. We talked in low hushed voices, trembling slightly with amazement and bewilderment.

5

IN the months that followed, our amazement grew. Was it possible that Evelyn had been right about Uncle Hyman, and the rest of us were wrong? This was a question that Evelyn discussed with us frequently, after she and Harry got back from their honeymoon to Bermuda, and I must admit that we listened to her now with a good deal more attention. “It's simply a matter of knowing how to deal with him,” Evelyn said. “Psychology, knowledge of human nature, common sense, a good sense of humor — that's all you need with Uncle Hyman. Why on earth,” Evelyn asked, “didn't you tell me what a wonderful man he is? So generous, so kind-hearted, so genuinely human. And the stories he tells! Why on earth didn't you warn me that he was such a marvelous storyteller?” And every time Evelyn and Uncle Hyman met, her opinion of him seemed to be confirmed. He would become bright and jovial at once, he would make jokes with Evelyn at everybody else's expense, and he would react to the most blatant interruptions, disagreements, and sarcastic remarks — as long as Evelyn made them — with nothing more deadly than a loud laugh.

There were some of us who still believed that Uncle Hyman's conduct didn't go as deep as Evelyn claimed, and didn't represent a complete upheaval in his nature so much as it did a kind of momentary fancy he had taken to Evelyn — the way a king will take a fancy to a court jester. This point of view was expressed in its extreme form by Aunt Caroline: “Hyman's just trying to be funny,” she said. “He's going through all this foolishness with Evelyn because he knows it'll infuriate the rest of

us." Uncle Stanley's view was a little bit milder: "It's a fine thing for Hyman," he said. "He's found a toy, to amuse himself. And there's no reason why it shouldn't take a long time before he gets tired of it."

Meanwhile, for the first six months, everything went wonderfully with Harry and Evelyn. It was obvious that they were crazy about each other. Harry went around almost constantly in a daze, like an adolescent, and he hardly talked about any other subject except Evelyn. Every motion she made, every word she said, every new thing that happened to her — Harry was ready every morning with a complete report, which he would repeat very seriously, a hundred times during the day, to friends, relatives, people who came to do business with him at Uncle Mike's office, elevator boys, taxi drivers, cleaning women, in short, anybody at all who was willing to listen. One day the big news was Evelyn's opinion of the play that she'd seen the night before; another day, it was the way Evelyn cooked the eggs that morning; a third day, it was the contents of a letter Evelyn had received from her father, and her exact reaction to every part of it. After a while, people began to accept these daily bulletins from Harry as a matter of course, to wink behind his back, and even to make a few thinly disguised, sarcastic remarks — in which case, Harry would stop himself in confusion, grin and blush, and join in on the laughter as loud as anyone else. But an hour later, he would be off on the subject of Evelyn again, as solemnly and seriously as before.

Evelyn's affection for Harry showed itself just as strongly, mainly when the two of them were together in public. Then she would adopt a kind of watchful, protective attitude towards him, as if he were a small boy who didn't quite know how to take care of himself. She would fuss over his appearance, creep up behind him to straighten his collar or to pull a thread off his lapel, informing people all the time what a baby he was, and how she spent most of her time keeping him out of trouble, and what a terrible life he must have led his mother before he got married.

Therefore, as the days went by, the skeptics and scoffers were forced to admit — and not at all grudgingly; we never hold grudges in our family; on the contrary, it's one of our greatest weaknesses that the slightest change of circumstances is liable to make us reverse, in one minute, all our deepest and stubbornest opinions — as I say, the skeptics and scoffers began to admit at last that Evelyn was probably going to make Harry a good wife. I must mention that there was one possible exception to this: I refer to Uncle Stanley, who, whenever the subject was brought up, didn't exactly come right out and disagree, but contented himself with sinister smirks and inward smiles and mysterious remarks, obviously full of significance, though nobody could figure out what it was.

Meanwhile, Harry and Evelyn were making all sorts of important changes in their manner of living. After the honeymoon, they lived with Aunt Fanny for a while, until Evelyn found a small inexpensive apartment on Thirty-fifth Street, near Harry's office. But this didn't satisfy her — it was really no more than two small rooms and a kitchenette. What she really wanted — and in fact, it was the ambition of her life at this time — was a house in the suburbs. In New Rochelle, for instance, where Marvin and Julia lived. With the money they had received as wedding presents from Uncle Mike and Dr. Rosen and a few others, Evelyn and Harry could just about afford the first year's rent on a very modest little place, if such a place could be found. So Evelyn spent the first five months of her marriage trying to find it. Her nervous, energetic little figure, and her sharp businesslike voice, soon became familiar in a number of real-estate offices downtown. She was constantly having consultations, examining lists, making phone calls, driving all over New Rochelle in real-estate agents' cars, flitting and pecking and peering about in a hundred different directions at once.

God knows how she managed it, because at the same time she seemed to devote herself just as energetically to all her other activities. She kept house for Harry. She went out with him at night to the theater and concerts (all her life she had dreamed of living in New York, she told us, so she could take advantage of what she called its "cultural facilities"). She joined in on all the family conferences, the bridge parties, the Sunday afternoons at Grandma's, the birthday celebrations, the Christmas dinner. She became a member of several of Aunt Rita's favorite charities, and also of Aunt Rita's weekly discussion group — the Literary Ladies. She gave a book report that was considered to be one of the most brilliant and interesting that the Literary Ladies had ever heard. She turned out pages and pages of poetry. There was one poem, dedicated to the Literary Ladies, which was especially admired. I will quote the first verse only: —

"Oh, hail to that band of stalwart women
Who once a week from their kitchens venture
And meet together in conclave solemn
To keep alive the flame of culture."

Well, I cannot resist the temptation. I must quote the second verse, too.

"Our heart beats faster, our pulse quickens,
As we sally forth from penthouse or hovel,
And joining hands with Shakespeare and Dickens,
We discuss the latest modern novel. . . ."

And yet, in the midst of all this furious creative activity, Evelyn finally found her house.

To be sure, it was a small house — two stories and five rooms — but in every respect it was exactly what Evelyn wanted. It was the perfect color —

gray brick with a red roof and green shutters on the windows — Evelyn had always wanted to live in a house with green shutters; somehow there was something so “homey” and “domestic” about green. Her house also had a small front lawn and a larger back yard. In one corner of the back yard, Evelyn planned to build a big stone oven — that is, Harry would build it — so that they could have outdoor cookouts on the warm summer evenings. Evelyn had a great fondness for outdoor cookouts; what would suburban life be without outdoor cookouts? The greatest charm of the new house, however, was a large porch which ran along one side, and which, if it were done over in glass, could be turned easily into a delightful sun porch. There was nothing like a bright cheery sun porch, Evelyn said, for entertaining your friends in the afternoons, for lounging around with iced drinks, and for serving chicken-salad luncheons. So she gave herself one month to fix up the house the way she wanted it, and announced that she and Harry would positively move in at the end of February, and on the first of March would give a big housewarming party for their family and all their friends.

6

FOR the next month, Evelyn threw herself into the preparations with a fury, an almost superhuman fury, that absolutely amazed us all. The prospect of entertaining the whole family in a house of her own was possibly not the smallest motive for her energy — though I cannot agree with Uncle Stanley that it was solely for the pleasure of giving a housewarming party that Evelyn had made Harry buy the house in the first place, and that after the party was over she would probably start looking around for another house so she could give another housewarming party. Uncle Stanley has a great sense of humor, but sometimes he exaggerates things.

Still, it was pretty clear that no young girl ever looked forward to her first formal dance with greater excitement than Evelyn did to this housewarming. For the whole month, she hardly talked about anything else. She told us how she had always loved to give parties, ever since she was very small, and how she had something of a reputation in St. Louis as a party-giver. Many people, she explained to us, have an idea that giving a party is a simple thing — you just invite people and serve refreshments and that’s all there is to it — but these people couldn’t be more mistaken. To give a party the way a party really ought to be given, you had to have ingenuity and imagination and a knowledge of human nature. If there was anything commonplace or ordinary or run-of-the-mill about your party, then you couldn’t consider it to be a success. From the very beginning — the moment your guests opened up their invitations — to the very end — the moment they kissed you good-bye at the door — they had to be struck

by the absolute unusualness of your party. They had to remember your party for the rest of their lives; otherwise it wasn’t worth giving at all.

Evelyn flattered herself that there were large numbers of people in St. Louis who wouldn’t easily forget the parties she had given. But she assured us that this housewarming party would be the most memorable of all. She was making plans, she said — and when any of us asked her to give us at least a hint as to what these plans might be, she would answer by laughing coyly, raising her eyebrows, and rolling her eyes mysteriously. Whatever her plans were, we knew they must have been very special. I never saw her once during that month when the color wasn’t high in her cheeks, when her little eyes weren’t bright, when she wasn’t completely incapable of sitting still for two minutes in a row.

Well, I won’t talk about this particular period of time any longer. To be absolutely frank, it pains me to do so, in the light of what happened afterwards. So let me hurry on to the rest of my story, and get to the end of it as quickly as possible.

Before I do, however, it occurs to me that there is one important question which I must try and answer. It was the question which bothered the whole family at the time, and which, I’m afraid, was never cleared up to anybody’s satisfaction. The point is simply this: Evelyn’s doing what she did may be explained on the grounds that she was a newcomer to the family, that she had been deceived by a series of circumstances, and so didn’t really know what Uncle Hyman was capable of. But what about Harry? He was no newcomer to the family. He certainly had reason to know, as well as any of us, what Uncle Hyman was capable of. Why, then, during that hectic month — as Evelyn was busily making her plans and plunging headlong into what can only be described as disaster — why didn’t Harry do something about it? Why didn’t he see what was going on, and give Evelyn a talking-to, and put a stop to it before the damage could be done? The whole family, afterwards, tried to answer this question, and every individual member had his or her individual theory.

Aunt Fanny, of course, was the most generous of all. Poor Harry just didn’t know what Evelyn was going to do, she kept it a secret from him as much as she did from everybody else. Some of us wondered how a girl like Evelyn — whose strong point, after all, wasn’t the ability to keep her thoughts to herself — could have gone on for a whole month, making such elaborate arrangements, without once submitting them for her husband’s approval. But we kept our doubts to ourselves; poor Fanny was in a bad enough state as it was.

Aunt Caroline’s theory resembled Fanny’s superficially, but in spirit it was absolutely different. Yes, Aunt Caroline agreed that Evelyn deliberately kept her plans a secret from Harry — because, when the time came, she wanted to stun and humiliate

him. Her motives all along were malice and revenge. Having married Harry for his money — as Aunt Caroline told us in the first place, and we might well keep that in mind — she was now taking her revenge, because Harry turned out not to have any money.

Uncle Mike disagreed with both the ladies. Sure, Harry knew about it ahead of time — it was foolish to pretend that he didn't — but after all (Uncle Mike gave a quiet, meaningful laugh) Harry was Harry: the sweetest guy in the world, but let's not kid ourselves, not the brightest guy in the world.

Uncle Stanley, on the other hand, held exactly the opposite opinion. Harry had more of a knack for sizing up a situation than we gave him credit for, and this whole business was the proof of it. Evelyn had told Harry all about her plans ahead of time, and he had sized them up immediately, and he had let Evelyn go through with them anyway, for reasons of his own. What these reasons might have been, Uncle Stanley would only suggest with a wink of his eye.

These, generally speaking, were the various family theories. They are all of interest, and perhaps each one of them contains a certain grain of truth, but I for one was not able at the time, nor am I now, to agree with any of them. The truth of the matter, it seems to me, is much simpler and less ingenious. Harry is neither very stupid nor very shrewd — he both did and did not know what Evelyn was going to do. Whatever he might have known, it could hardly have caused him much alarm, because — being, like most human creatures, unable to foresee the future — he could have had no idea what a fuss this housewarming party was going to stir up. If he did feel any traces of alarm, they were most certainly calmed down by his infinite faith in Evelyn's cleverness, intelligence, and knowledge of human nature. And whatever uneasiness was left over, we may be sure was quickly taken care of by his affection for Evelyn, which would prevent an easygoing, optimistic sort of person like Harry from admitting even the possibility that she could do something to make herself unhappy. At any rate, this is, as far as I can see, the only plausible explanation of Harry's action — or rather, his lack of action.

Which brings me directly to the first of March, and the evening of the party.

7

IT BEGAN well. With the excitement and hysteria that took over later on, some of the family have tended to forget this fact. But I think, in all fairness to Evelyn, we must admit it: her party began well. The house looked really beautiful. It stood on top of a slight hill, at the end of a row of houses, all much the same size and shape. When your car got halfway up the hill, this was the first house that

you saw — and at seven o'clock in the evening, with a kind of gray twilight glow cast over it, and the two thin, straight trees on either side of it framing it like a calendar picture, the house really gave a wonderfully snug and cozy appearance. Just the appearance that Evelyn wanted it to give. "It may not be any palace," she was always saying, "but it's our own little nest."

She greeted her guests at the door of her nest, and she looked, appropriately enough, very birdlike — with a feathery blue dress, and her little head darting from side to side, and her smile flickering on and off. Occasionally she would chirp a word or two at Harry, who stood by her side, when he wasn't running into the living room to set up more chairs, or into the kitchen for more ice, or upstairs to put away the ladies' wraps. The arrival of the guests was made particularly pleasant for Evelyn by the fact that each new person gave her a new compliment on the invitations which she had sent out. That same morning, every one of us — though we had all been invited informally a long time ago — had received an invitation, a large piece of paper, printed up in square black letters, with a dateline, and a weather report, and a format just like a newspaper. The name of the newspaper was "The Shapiro Daily Blast," and there was a big headline, reading: —

"EVELYN AND HARRY GIVE HOUSEWARMING; MAYOR DECLARES CITY-WIDE HOLIDAY"

And underneath it was a sort of invitation newspaper article, telling the names of all the guests, and written in a very cute and clever style.

By seven-thirty, the living room on the first floor was filled with people, and some of them even overflowed onto the sun porch. Evelyn had invited over forty guests — she was planning to serve a huge buffet supper — and already thirty-five had shown up. In addition to the family, there were several young couples — young wives that Evelyn knew from the neighborhood, or young husbands that Harry knew from the office. Of these, the only ones that I had ever met before were Mr. and Mrs. Norman Feinstein, who lived three houses away. Mr. Feinstein was a thin, slightly built young man with a prematurely bald head; Harry mentioned that he was in plastics. Mrs. Feinstein was a big, redheaded woman with large arms and bosom, and a shrill voice. She was interested in sculpture — that was her hobby, she said; she had just finished modeling her husband's head — and that was mainly what she talked about. There was another young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Griggs. He was an old friend of Harry's, from Columbia, who had just moved to New York to work for an advertising agency. He was a big, broad-shouldered man, built like a football player, with large handsome features and bright teeth. His wife was a cute little blonde, who didn't

say anything all evening. On the whole, the Griggses were about the most handsome couple in the room. They were Gentiles.

There were a number of other strangers at the party, but I will mention only one more, a certain Mr. Monty Prigman, a big stout good-looking man in his forties, with a fair, clipped mustache that he kept stroking with the little finger of his left hand. In fact, he stood in a corner most of the time and stroked his mustache and smiled at the attractive ladies and, if anybody came over to him, he told them off-color jokes. In the confusion and noise and the crush of people, I'm afraid that I never was able to find out exactly who Mr. Prigman was, who invited him, or indeed what connection he had with our family. He was a bachelor, and somebody's business acquaintance, and that's all I ever learned, to this day.

8

By a quarter of eight, the confusion of which I have spoken had really grown to immense proportions. It is my experience that there is no more certain way of producing a large volume of noise than by gathering together, in one place and at the same time, all the members of one family. Everybody immediately remembers a hundred and seventy-five things to say to everybody else, questions to ask, gossip to repeat, jokes to tell, old differences of opinion (put aside and forgotten since the last family gathering) to take up again. This is especially true of our family, because — by an accident of birth and heredity — most of us have been endowed with unusually loud and piercing voices. And it is truer still, I may say, whenever drinks are being served.

Evelyn had set up a small bar in a corner of the living room, and a fat, cheerful colored butler, hired for the evening, was making cocktails of all kinds, as the guests called out their preferences. This bar was the center of the clamor. People tugged and pulled and pushed in front of it, and screamed out the names of cocktails in loud voices, even when they were standing so far across the room that the colored butler couldn't possibly hear them. It was very difficult indeed to concentrate for any length of time on a sustained conversation, because your attention was constantly being distracted by someone shouting "Bourbon Old-Fashioned!" or "Martini, not too dry!" right in your ear.

Nevertheless, everybody seemed to be enjoying themselves. There was an almost steady stream of laughing and giggling from the women, and roaring and guffawing from the men. Glasses clinked, and liquor spilled on the floor. Uncle Stanley was all over the room, hopping from one group to another, sticking his head in and making a funny remark, then hopping on. He was drinking a little too much maybe, and once I noticed Uncle Mike draw him

off to a corner and tell him something in a low voice. But Uncle Stanley just laughed and slapped Uncle Mike on the back and gave some answer that made Uncle Mike turn red.

Meanwhile, Evelyn was still standing at the open door, where she had been greeting her guests. Only, for the last ten minutes, there had been no new guests for her to greet. Yet she continued to stand at the door, with her head pushed forward intently and her smile flickering on and off. After a while, if you listened closely to the noise of the party, you could detect a slight undertone of restlessness beneath the gaiety — I might almost say, the hysterical gaiety — of the crowd. You watched people, and they seemed completely absorbed in their drinks and their conversation, and all of a sudden they would look up from both and shoot a quick glance at Evelyn. Certain vague whisperings and murmurings began to mingle with the shouts and the guffaws. Somebody — I think it was that big, loud Mrs. Feinstein — came right out in a shrill voice and said, "Good heavens, but I'm hungry!" Aunt Fanny went over to Evelyn at the door and whispered something in her ear, but Evelyn's only answer was to press her lips together and shake her head.

And then, a second later, before anything could come of this situation — indeed, before most of the guests even realized that there was a situation at all — a big smile came over Evelyn's face, she lifted her chin, held out her hand, and sailed through the doorway. We all breathed a sigh of relief. Uncle Hyman and Aunt Selma had pulled up in front of the house in their long black Cadillac, and the uniformed chauffeur was holding open the door for them. In a few minutes, supper would be served.

"Well, here you are at last!" Evelyn cried, starting her sentence before Uncle Hyman and Aunt Selma were halfway up the front walk. "Now, aren't you ashamed of yourself, getting here so late?"

Uncle Hyman seemed to be in a good mood; his smile was very fat and satisfied, and when he took Evelyn's arm he gave it a pinch. "That's okay," he said. "People should wait around for the guest of honor."

"Guest of honor, I like that!" Evelyn said with that high, coy laugh. "What makes you think you're so important, anyway?"

Uncle Hyman chuckled. "I notice you didn't start eating yet." He was in the foyer now, with Aunt Selma, white and clinging, behind him. Evelyn shut the front door; there were still a few guests who hadn't arrived yet, but they would have to attract attention as best they could.

"So this is it," Uncle Hyman said, planting his feet apart and grunting around his cigar. But he made no further comment.

"It's lovely, Evelyn, dear," Aunt Selma said, in a low, furtive whisper.

Uncle Hyman shook hands with Harry, who as usual was a little bit paralyzed in front of him. Then Evelyn took Uncle Hyman by the arm and moved him forward to the living room, crying out as she went, "I'd like you to meet my Uncle Hyman, everybody! I don't believe you know the Griggses, Uncle Hyman. Mrs. Levinson, let me introduce you to Uncle Hyman. Look, everybody, this is Uncle Hyman!" — and interrupting her cries by little asides directed at Uncle Hyman alone, "Won't you sit down, Uncle Hyman? You must be all tired out after your drive. Will you have a drink before supper, Uncle Hyman? Harry, go get Uncle Hyman a drink. Please sit down, Uncle Hyman, right here on the couch. Norman, dear, make room for Uncle Hyman on the couch, will you? As a matter of fact, Elsie's just been calling for you, Norman, dear, why don't you go over and see what she wants. Are you comfortable, Uncle Hyman? Can I get you an ash tray? Hurry up, somebody, an ash tray for Uncle Hyman! — Oh, well, that's all right, Uncle Hyman, the carpet can't stay spotless forever."

Uncle Hyman settled back on the couch, with Aunt Selma hovering over him, and for a while there was a regular procession of people coming up to him with offerings of liquor, ash trays, sandwiches. The mysterious Mr. Prigman came out of his corner, stroking his mustache, and pushed himself forward. "Prigman," he said, holding out his hand, but it never got to Uncle Hyman, because Aunt Rita swooped in front of it to give Uncle Hyman a kiss.

A little while later, Evelyn clapped her hands together and announced that supper was ready. It was all spread out on the dining-room table, and the guests were directed to go into the dining room, get themselves paper plates, fill them up with food, and come back to the living room to eat. The dining-room doors were thrown open, the crowd started to crush through. "Sit where you are, Uncle Hyman," Evelyn said. "Harry will fill up a plate for you."

For the next hour and a half, the guests were busy devouring Evelyn's supper. This was the crowning success of the evening. The slight delay had made everybody eager to enjoy the food, but not so eager that they couldn't appreciate it. The sumptuous display of meats, fruits, and vegetables that met their eyes on the dining-room table produced sighs and gasps from every corner. There were platters of roast beef with cherries, duck with sliced oranges, ham with raisin sauce. There were salad bowls filled with lettuce, celery, tomatoes, and stuffed eggs. Every egg was stuffed in a different color, with a different design. In the middle of the table there was a great big silver gourd — a wedding present from Aunt Selma and Uncle Hyman — filled to the brim with potato chips. On a sideboard, next to the table, was a barrel with a spout, and out of the spout came ice-cold beer.

In the first stages of the eating, the noise calmed down a little. But pretty soon, as the stacks of meat and potato chips grew lower and lower, and the beer flowed faster and faster, the noise rose up again, louder than ever. Uncle Stanley was doing balancing tricks with his paper plate. Aunt Rita sat in a corner and laughed and laughed. The woman, Mrs. Feinstein, was describing, with sweeping gestures, one of her statues. Aunt Caroline was screaming at the top of her voice at Grandma, who sat in an easy chair with her plate shivering on her knees. Evelyn moved around the room, from one group to another, but she never stayed away very long from Uncle Hyman and Aunt Selma. She watched Uncle Hyman very carefully as he ate his food, and every time he seemed to be running short of something, she pounced on him with a cry, "Can I get you something, Uncle Hyman? What an appetite you have, aren't you ashamed of yourself! Here, let me get you some more!"

Well, I could go on and on about the delights of that buffet supper, but I must be firm with myself. The supper finally came to an end, leaving behind it only the memory of its glory, only the vague atmosphere of joy — an atmosphere which, in the dismal reality of everything that followed, soon came to seem like something that happened only in a dream.

9

THE supper came to an end — all, that is, but the dessert. Evelyn had been making all sorts of hints and subtle allusions to the dessert, since the beginning of the evening, and now — as the waitress cleared away the empty bowls and platters — Evelyn stood up in the center of the living room, raised her hands for silence, and announced that the dessert would appear in one second.

In one second, it did appear, carried by the waitress through the swinging door from the kitchen, across the dining room, and into the living room. It was a cake, but a cake such as I had never before, and have never since, had the pleasure of seeing. It was a big cake, about two feet long and one foot high, made in exactly the shape of Harry and Evelyn's new house. There were the same gray brick walls — made out of coffee ice cream — the same green shutters — made out of pistachio nuts — the same red roof — raspberry icing — and two small, brown sugar candles, for the chimney stacks. It was a masterpiece of realistic art, and after the first stunned hush, the applause, the cries, the catcalls were deafening. I must confess that I myself was not the least enthusiastic member of the crowd, but clapped my hands together so vigorously that my palms were red for twenty-four hours afterwards.

The waitress set the cake down on the card table in the center of the living room, and then I noticed the one odd, incongruous touch. From the windows of the cake — of the house, I ought to say — clus-

ters of thin red ribbon were dangling. There must have been forty or more strands of ribbon, and to the end of each strand was attached a small, white scrap of paper. I was just wondering what these ribbons could possibly be, when Evelyn began to make another speech.

"Does everybody like the cake?" she cried.

There was no doubt about the answer.

"Well, there are more surprises to come," Evelyn said. "Before we take this beautiful creation apart and eat it, I want you to know that there are things inside of it of personal interest to every single one of you." She pointed to the cluster of ribbons sticking out of the windows. "Do you see these ribbons? On the end of each of these ribbons is a slip of paper with a name written on it. On the other end of the ribbon is something else — something special, that I know you'll all enjoy. All you have to do is pull the ribbon with your name on it, and out of the window will come —" She stopped talking and smiled around the room.

"What? What? Out will come what?" Assorted cries, largely from the ladies.

Evelyn laughed. "Wait and see!" She clapped her hands together. "Now, who wants to go first?" There was a silence. "Come on, come on," Evelyn cried, "isn't anybody here a sport?"

At this, Uncle Stanley rose rather unsteadily to his feet. "Never let it be said —" he began. "That is, never let it be said —" He raised one finger in the air. "The pride of the Shapiros!" He stepped forward. Evelyn located his ribbon for him, and then, in the midst of silence, Uncle Stanley gave it a yank.

On the other end of the ribbon was another small slip of paper. We looked at one another, puzzled. "Go on, open it up," Evelyn said. Uncle Stanley took the slip of paper off the ribbon and unfolded it. He blinked down at it for several seconds.

"Go on," Evelyn said, nudging his elbow. "Read it out loud."

A funny thing happened. Uncle Stanley didn't answer Evelyn for a moment, but instead he looked down at the spot on his elbow where she had touched him. And then, a peculiar twisted sort of grin came over his face, a grin that made him look very ugly and wrinkled.

Evelyn kept on laughing. "What's the matter? Why won't you let the rest of us in on it?"

Uncle Stanley recovered himself immediately. His old cheerful, sarcastic smile appeared again, and he spoke out in his rapid, breezy manner: "I'd be delighted. Ladies and gentlemen, a poem. A poem from my charming new niece, dedicated to myself. The title of it, appropriately, is 'Stanley.'" He cleared his throat and lifted the paper.

"He doesn't work, he doesn't pay taxes,
He doesn't go down to the office.
He doesn't sign contracts, he doesn't make sales,
He's got no idea what a boss is.

But he's got something worth more than money —
That certain something called charm —
Because of which, those who love him will always
Keep their dear, old uncle from harm."

Uncle Stanley stopped reading and lowered his hand slowly. For a moment, he swayed a little on his feet and smiled around the room. Then he gave a little laugh and moved back to his chair in the corner. Nobody said a word for a long time after Uncle Stanley was seated. The only person in the room with any expression on her face was Evelyn, who was smiling broadly, confident of the applause that was going to follow.

Fortunately, the silence was broken before Evelyn's smile could waver. It was broken by Uncle Hyman, who began to nod his head and give out a deep, satisfied chuckle. "Pretty good, pretty good!" he said. He was joined immediately, and automatically, by Aunt Selma, with her high thin little laugh that was hardly distinguishable from weeping. And a moment later, Harry's college friend, Fred Griggs — opening his mouth for the first time since he arrived — boomed out in a loud, hearty voice, "My God, that's damned clever, isn't it? Pretty damned clever!" Then he slapped his knee, rubbed his hands together, and clapped his wife on the back.

By this time, the family had got hold of itself, and seeing that there was nothing much else to do — especially with strangers in our midst, as it were — we all began to laugh, too. Not quite so enthusiastically perhaps, but politely enough to be convincing.

Evelyn's smile grew broader. Her surprise had produced the effect that she wanted, and she kept repeating over and over again, with a girlish kind of squeal, "Well, I'm glad you like it! It's just a little game, I thought you'd all be pleased. A little joke. Well, I'm certainly glad you like it —"

10

WHEN the laughter had died down a bit, Evelyn raised her hands again, and flushing with joy and excitement, she cried out, "There's one for everybody — there's a little poem for everybody! Now who wants to be next?"

The silence was complete and instantaneous.

Evelyn looked around. "Oh, come on, let's have a volunteer. What's the matter? Who's afraid of a little poetry?"

Aunt Fanny gave a deep sigh and a shake of her head. "Well, I suppose it might as well be me," she said.

"No! Me!" Aunt Caroline's voice cut in sharply. She stepped forward and stood in front of Evelyn with her hands on her hips, her long neck stretched forward, and her eyes glittering. "I'll take my turn now, if you don't mind. I'm very curious to see what Evelyn has to say about me."

"Nothing that isn't nice," said Evelyn, laughing and giving the end of a ribbon to Aunt Caroline.

Aunt Caroline gave it a vicious tug, and her slip of paper came flying out. She opened it up, glared down at it, and read out in a loud, defiant voice:—

“Everyone respects this dignified lady.
Her virtues cannot be doubted.
When she says something is so, it’s so,
And no more discussion about it. —”

Somebody in the room gave a giggle. Aunt Caroline stopped reading and glared in the direction of the giggler. Then she went on reading again, even more loudly:—

“She never got married, but that’s not her fault.
It’s the fault of the male populations,
Who have never been able, despite all their efforts,
To come up to her specifications.”

Aunt Caroline clamped her teeth together on the last word, lifted her head, and leveled her hard gaze at everyone in the room, individually and collectively. Then she looked down at the slip of paper in her hand. “Well!” she said. “Well! Well! Very nice! Very nice, indeed! Well, well, well!” She folded the paper up, clenching her fist over it, raised her chin, and with a short, majestic sniff, she marched back to her chair.

Before she got there, Uncle Hyman’s chuckle filled the room. “Pretty good. Pretty good.” There were some other random chuckles, but they were not from members of the family. The family made very little effort this time to join in on the hilarity. Evelyn, however, didn’t seem to notice at all. She was all wrapped up in her game, like a little child, laughing and getting red in the face, and finally—as we all expected, dreaded even—crying out, “Who’s next? Who’s next? Who’s going to go next?” She clapped her hands together gaily. “Oh, really now! It won’t be so painful! You see how easy it’s been so far! Now, who wants to give himself up for the slaughter? What about you, Uncle Mike? I’ve got a wonderful one for you! Now don’t put on that gloomy expression, I know you’re just dying to read it. What about you, Aunt Rita? Why, I don’t know what’s the matter with you all. Back in St. Louis, nobody ever acted this way. Why, I’ve never seen such a shy bunch of stick-in-the-muds.” She gave a tinkling laugh, and suddenly she pointed her finger straight at me. “What about you? Wouldn’t you like to hear what I’ve written about you?”

In all modesty, I think I can safely say that, considering my natural shock and horror, I handled myself as well as could be expected. I did the only thing which any man could have done under the circumstances. I lowered my head and made no answer.

“All right, then,” Evelyn cried. “If nobody’s going to volunteer, I’ll just have to pick somebody myself.”

Every head in the room was lifted, and for a second everybody held their breath.

Evelyn moved her head from side to side, with her eyes blinking and a coy smile on her face. At last, she stopped moving her head. “Uncle Hyman,” she said. “I think it’s your turn now.”

I think it will be impossible to describe the expression which came over all our faces at this moment. The faces of the members of the family, I mean, because the outsiders couldn’t possibly have had any appreciation of what was happening. On the contrary, they all seemed quite eager to hear the next poem, and even rather amused by the game. But in the hearts of those of us who belong to the family all sorts of complicated feelings were fighting among themselves. Each one of us felt a deep sense of relief—because we were not the next to be chosen—and at the same time, a deep sense of dread—because Uncle Hyman was. But this only begins to describe what we felt.

Uncle Hyman’s face told nothing, as usual. His lips were parted in a slight smile, which on closer inspection hardly seemed to be a smile at all. His eyes were narrowed so that he might have been on the verge of going to sleep. He seemed to be looking at Evelyn—but he also seemed to be looking over her, and around her, and straight through her, as if she wasn’t there at all. His voice, when he finally spoke, was very calm and quiet, almost flat.

“Okay with me,” he said.

“Well, come up now and pull out your ribbon,” Evelyn said. “Or would you rather I pulled it out for you, Uncle Hyman? I think I’d like to pull it out for you. You sit where you are, and don’t disturb yourself, I’m really looking forward to reading this one myself. I have a little confession to make. This is my favorite of them all. My masterpiece, so to speak.”

A slight shiver seemed to go through all of us at once.

Evelyn pulled the ribbon, and out came the slip of paper. She opened it up, looked around the room with a smile in which coyness and gaiety and triumph and even a little bit of mischievousness were all mixed up together, then, in the high trembling, dramatic voice that she reserved for poetry, especially her own, she began to read:—

“Here’s a guy that everyone’s scared of,
And thinks he’s a holy terror.
He’s got a stone for a heart, they say—
But I’d like to show them their error.
Have you ever observed his delight, his rapture,
His tears running down face and neck,
His affectionate groans, his passionate sighs,
When somebody sends him a check?”

Evelyn paused to smile at Uncle Hyman. “There’s still another verse,” she said. “Would you like to hear the second verse?” Uncle Hyman didn’t answer. His face was obscured for a moment in a

cloud of smoke from his cigar. Without waiting, Evelyn lowered her head and went on reading: —

“Seriously, though, he’s not so bad as they claim.
His bark is much worse than his bite.
And as for those stories they tell about him —
Like the one about his wedding night —
I don’t for a minute —”

But Evelyn never finished reading the poem. She was interrupted by Uncle Hyman’s voice, still very calm and quiet. “All right, that’s enough.” He was talking to Aunt Selma, but his words made Evelyn stop short.

“That’s enough, I said,” Uncle Hyman went on, rising to his feet and still looking at Aunt Selma. “I told you we shouldn’t have come.”

Aunt Selma stood up, too. Her face was almost white. She twisted her hands together, looked quickly at Evelyn, then back at Uncle Hyman, and finally brought out the words: “But, Hyman —”

“I told you it was a damned fool idea,” he said, not raising his voice in the slightest. “Going to a party given by that idiot woman. What kind of a party could she give, that idiot woman?”

“But, Hyman —”

Uncle Hyman grunted and started towards the foyer. “Come on, come on,” he said. “I warned you what to expect, from mentally incompetent people.”

Aunt Selma turned her head in several directions, then hurried after Uncle Hyman. They disappeared into the foyer, and a moment later the front door opened. The last we heard of them was Uncle Hyman’s voice, just as flat and calm as before, “So next time, we’ll do what *I* say, I guess —” And the front door shut.

11

FOR a great many minutes afterwards, nobody said a thing, and certainly nobody looked at Evelyn. Though that, I must admit, is only conjecture on my part, because I for one was staring as hard as I could at Mr. Prigman, who stood in his corner and stroked his mustache madly.

And then, Evelyn spoke. “It’s only a game,” she said. “You pull out the ribbon, and there’s a little poem for everybody on the other end. A different poem for everybody. I was up till two o’clock last night, finishing the last one. Back in St. Louis —” She broke off with a little wave of her hand. The suggestion of a smile was still on her face. “It’s all in fun,” she said. “There’s even a poem that I wrote for myself. I was going to read it the last one. I even wrote a poem for myself —” And suddenly, to the embarrassment of every one of us, Evelyn’s whole face crinkled up, her eyes got red, and in a low gulping voice, she began to sob.

She just stood in front of us for a while, sobbing

quietly. It was one of those moments when nobody knows what to do, or what to say, or even what to think.

And then at last, from an unexpected source, rescue came. Ever since the beginning of the game, Harry had been standing next to the living-room sofa with a pale look on his face, and occasionally giving a tug at his collar. Now, all of a sudden, he seemed to come to life. He stepped over to Evelyn in two quick strides, put his arms around her so that his body was between her and the rest of us, and said in a quiet, steady voice, “Come on, baby. I’ll take you upstairs.”

And with his arms still around her, and whispering in her ear all the time, Harry walked Evelyn slowly across the room and out to the foyer.

Needless to say, the party broke up a few minutes later. The family said good night to the strangers in very low tones, and in even lower tones to one another, and everybody went their separate ways. There was only one little bit of awkwardness. Poor Grandma, whose hearing isn’t what it used to be, became all confused when everybody got up to leave, and she began to cry out in her high, piping voice, “What is? What is? Where’s Harry? Where’s Harry?” But Aunt Caroline took her by the arm and hustled her out of the house as quickly as possible.

And now I find that there is very little more for me to tell. Evelyn and Harry are still living in New Rochelle. Evelyn has apparently given up her hobby of writing poetry, but of course she is very busy with her domestic affairs. The first baby is expected in September. Uncle Hyman and Aunt Selma go on much as usual. They never visit at Evelyn’s house, however, nor do they go to any of the family parties at which there is a chance that Evelyn might be present. Which means, of course, that they don’t go to any of the family parties at all. Which, if you ask my opinion, probably seems like very little of a hardship to Uncle Hyman.

As for the rest of us, we go on much as usual, too. We attend to our own business, in our offices or our homes, during the week, and on Sunday afternoons we gather together at Grandma’s. We discuss the news of the day. We argue about politics. We tell stories about Uncle Hyman. The story of that evening at cousin Evelyn’s house has become, I’m afraid, one of the most popular. Family opinion, of course, is divided. One extreme is represented by Aunt Caroline, who declares that it’s the biggest disgrace in the family’s history, and we’ll never be able to live it down. The other extreme is represented by Uncle Stanley. “I’m not trying to show that certain something called charm,” he says, “but I tell you frankly, I wouldn’t trade that evening for all the other evenings in my life!”

My own point of view lies somewhere between the two.



MEMORIAL DAY

by JOHN CIARDI

"WELL," they were saying, "the war's over."
All the parades were coming back,
And when they stopped
The uniforms went off and hung themselves in closets.
"Here's Johnny again," they were saying. "Hello, Nathaniel,
Heard you was hit at Shilo. Welcome back."

Then they began saying:
"Lincoln's been shot."
They kept saying it all night over the wires
And by the time it came out the other end
It was already saying "Lincoln is dead."
And everyman's skull was a sky
And had a buzzard in it that wheeled and cried:
"I eat magnificence."

Now it's all pictures and parades and textbooks.
Johnny's fading out of the family album,
Nat's wound is gone from Shilo,
And anyone can believe Lincoln is dead.

You don't even have to remember Nathaniel in '24
When the G.A.R. was already riding in touring cars
To keep up with the Spanish War Vets
Who were already too slow for the Legionnaires.
Maybe I was the only one young enough to see
Nathaniel change to a buzzard in the back seat
And stretch and fly. I had a big sky then
But he filled it all
Full of a dream I had
A long time running, because

There are pictures and parades for all the rest,
But you have to dream the buzzard.



Upwards of a hundred replies to Albert Lynd's article in the March Atlantic were received. From them, the Editor has chosen that of DR. GILBERT E. CASE, Chairman of the Department of Education at Brown University, as the most relevant and effective rejoinder to the main questions raised by Mr. Lynd: Is the function of schools of education valid, and are these schools measuring up to the challenge of the modern world?

"QUACKERY IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS"

An Answer

by GILBERT E. CASE

1

IN the March issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, there appears under the title "Quackery in the Public Schools" an article by Albert Lynd, who is referred to in the foreword as "an ex-teacher now happily established in business in Boston." Mr. Lynd, Harvard A.B. and A.M., delivers himself of an omnibus of complaints regarding what he considers to be fundamental and damning defects in the current American public education picture. With much of what he contends I am in sympathy, but with his interpretation of the implications, causes, and solutions of these educational shortcomings I am in sharp disagreement.

Education has become a tremendous enterprise in our country. If one were to add the number of students in all our schools to the number of teachers, administrators, supervisors, and other educational functionaries, and if to this were added, on a pro-rata basis, the number of workers from other fields involved part time in school activities (for instance, time given to textbook publication by general publishers or time given to school building programs by architects and contractors), we would arrive at the staggering conclusion that something like two sevenths of the total workday effort of our entire population is being devoted to educational pursuits. Nowhere else in the world or in all history has there been anything comparable to this.

Our educational enterprise has inevitably become extremely complicated. Our school ladder has been going down through the elementary grades to the kindergartens, the nursery schools, and now the pre-nursery schools, while on the upper rounds of the ladder we are extending educational service in the field of adult education to include attempts (in at least one adult education program) to help actual seniles in making better adjustment to the

very last stages of life experience. Along with this vertical expansion has gone a bewildering increase in the kinds of educational activities, both curricular and extracurricular, on all grade levels in public schools. A great deal of this much maligned "enrichment" has been forced upon the schools through the failure of church, family, and various social institutions to perform as they once did in guiding youth. The problems created by the growing complexity of our environment have also had to be reflected in our schools.

Our school population has become more and more heterogeneous and the enforcement of our compulsory school attendance legislation has brought into our high schools whole segments of the population not represented there even one generation ago. The near-moron and the maladjusted child who dropped out of school in the lower primary grades in the "good old days" now persist as problems in the secondary schools.

To contend that all this educational activity can be efficiently conducted without many kinds of specially prepared professional personnel is to be unrealistic in the extreme.

The professional field of Education, née Pedagogy, is still a relatively young entrant into the academic circle. Like all the other numerous additions to the big four of the medieval university professional curriculum, Theology, Civil Law, Canon Law, and Medicine, it has had a hard struggle to win acceptance. Education has been confronted with more than the usual resistance because of the manner of its introduction into many of our liberal arts colleges and because its content cut across so many of the traditional fields. What many have failed to realize is that the liberal arts colleges of this country up to about the period of the First World War had, on the average, approximately 45

per cent of their graduates entering teaching either with a career objective or for temporary employment to clear up college debts. Most of this teaching was done in public secondary schools.

When state laws and state Department of Education regulations requiring the completion of certain education courses as a prerequisite to the granting of teaching licenses were put into operation, these colleges were confronted with a problem. Courses in education had to be offered so that the liberal arts graduates would not be at a disadvantage in seeking teaching positions. All too often the college president would scrutinize his faculty personnel and select a victim who could be easily, even gladly, spared by his departmental colleagues to meet the emergency. This worthy would be told that thenceforth, willy-nilly, he was to be a Department of Education and teach whatever courses were required for teaching licenses. His students were usually from the lower half of their respective classes and had as little enthusiasm for these required courses as he did. For materials the instructor frequently had to turn to texts originally designed for the old two-year normal schools and wholly unsuited for senior college use. The dismal results of this combination of untoward elements were inevitable.

In the period following the First World War, however, there emerged a corps of educationists with adequate general background and demonstrated competence in their professional spheres, and today any school board or institutional president wishing such professional service has available a wide choice among personnel who have excellent cultural backgrounds, first-rate professional training, and adequate, successful public school experience. They are capable of preparing teachers, conducting serious research, organizing surveys, administering educational programs, and providing a wealth of specialized staff skills.

There has also been a commensurate improvement in the quality of content in education courses. Besides, to qualify for a teaching license in most states, the liberal arts college student actually does not have to take very many education courses. This requirement has been grossly misrepresented to the public by those trying to lay the blame for such shortcomings as our public schools may have upon the educationists. Ordinarily four one-semester courses out of the typical forty-course undergraduate curriculum suffice. History of Education, Philosophy (or Principles) of Education, Educational Psychology, and Methods of Teaching constitute the usual requirement. Of these, at least three can be so organized and taught as to be no "dilution" whatsoever of a bona fide liberal arts program. Surely the History of Education, as now taught in first-rank institutions, represents a much more significant aspect of historical background than much of the array of splintered courses cur-

rently offered in many Departments of History. A similar argument may be offered in support of the Philosophy of Education and Educational Psychology. Naturally, the quality of these courses is dependent upon the backgrounds and abilities of the instructors. There is also a trend toward the requirement of a graduate period of practice teaching or internship under close supervision (usually part time for a year), but the practicality involved in this requirement is so obviously related to the protection of school children as to need no defense.

2

WHY is it that nearly all public school teachers, when they wish to improve themselves as teachers through additional study, find themselves doing this work in Schools or Departments of Education? Why aren't they candidates for advanced degrees in other fields? In the answer to these questions we begin to see this whole educational picture more clearly.

First I should like to relate an experience of my own in this connection. After my first year's apprenticeship as a teacher of American history in high school, I decided to improve my background in the field by taking a graduate course at a near-by university. Arrangements were made for me to spend my afternoons and some evenings for an academic year in a research library working with colonial news letters and primary source data dealing with colonial trade. The instructor was (and still is) rightly considered one of the two or three ranking scholars in the field. I gathered enough evidence during the year to support a five or six line paragraph on the triangular rum, slaves, molasses trade in a monograph being written by the instructor and was given a certificate indicating that I had completed a twelve-hour doctoral minor in American Colonial History. I had gained some insight into the so-called scientific basis for history writing and a few odd facts, but so far as the relationship of this experience to my work as a secondary school teacher was concerned, the results were practically nil. A few evenings reading in general history texts would have given me much more benefit.

The point I am trying to illustrate is that, in many areas, the highly specialized courses offered in most university graduate schools have little relationship to the sort of service properly expected of public school teachers. They are designed for research scholars who have altogether different objectives. The schools of education recognize this situation and plan offerings accordingly.

Another difficulty presented by the graduate schools is that they are in general organized to serve full-time graduate students who can participate in the regular day-schedule of class offerings. Although no one has ever been able to establish

any correlation between the time of day or year and scholarship, graduate deans shy away from offering or recognizing work to be done in the evening or at summer schools. The public school teacher, operating on a low salary, cannot afford leaves of absence for full-time graduate study. The teacher's work schedule carries well into the afternoon. This leaves late afternoon, evening, and summer vacation periods available. The schools of education provide for this need. A number of the graduate degree programs offered jointly by Departments of Education and Divisions of Arts and Sciences have collapsed because the Arts and Sciences Divisions simply do not provide the so-called "content" courses at times convenient to in-service teachers or cater to the teachers' interests in the treatment of the courses.

Elementary teachers have to teach in all the subjects of the elementary curriculum; few of them can specialize. The curricula of teachers' colleges are adjusted to this. High school teachers usually must teach two or three different subjects, sometimes in wholly unrelated fields. In practice, the applicant for a high school job frequently must have competency in a major subject, a minor subject (minor to him), a third subject which he can teach if necessary, and some knowledge of an extra-class activity which he can supervise. He is not much interested in one-eyed graduate specialization.

The more one considers the problems of the public school teacher on the one hand and the objectives of university graduate schools on the other, the more apparent it becomes that they are poles apart. There is obviously much more difference between the traditional graduate programs and what is called for in teacher preparation than there is between the graduate study of political science and the professional study of law, the graduate study of biology and the professional study of medicine, the study of English and journalism, and so on. With this in mind, the emergence of the professional teachers' colleges and schools of education becomes a logical and necessary development.

Mr. Lynd contends that some of these teacher education institutions are diploma mills. Unfortunately, some of them are; so are many colleges and universities in general. It was hardly a half generation ago that the bulk of the old two-year normal schools, which had been doing a creditable job in preparing elementary school teachers, were converted by legislative enactments into four-year degree-granting teachers' colleges preparing high school teachers in addition to those for the lower schools. Too many of these schools simply were not ready for this abrupt expansion at that time; but as a group, the teachers' colleges have steadily improved, with some in the East, the North-Central area, and the Far West now having better academic performance than many of the liberal arts colleges in their localities. These teacher-preparing insti-

tutions have had to expand on a desperation basis during much of their history because of the phenomenally rapid growth of our school population. And training schools have had to deal with people willing to teach in spite of microscopic salaries and miserable working conditions. Now conditions are improving somewhat with respect to the attractiveness of public school teaching, so that we may look for better possibilities in the way of teacher preparation.

3

WITH regard to Mr. Lynd's contention that there has been far too much multiplication of specialized courses in education with resultant superficiality, one has to agree; but in this respect, as in others, it depends upon the institution and the field. Certain schools of education have gone hog-wild in committing this offense, while some university Departments of Education have been so restricted in offerings as to be unable to meet actual demands from teachers in their localities. Some consideration perhaps should be given to disadvantages which attach to certain education courses and activities simply because of their titles, which deal with the applied or utilitarian character of the course content. To take an extreme case, a term paper dealing with school plumbing, even though (as actually has happened) its findings may be decidedly valuable in reducing educational costs and improving school conditions, would be immediately subjected to ridicule, while a classical scholar's paper on the details of old Roman baths would be regarded with veneration. Probably differences in the quality of plumbing are culturally significant.

Another point on this matter is that multiplication of courses, with consequent fragmentation, is one of the commonest crimes committed by all departments of instruction in all our colleges and universities. When a new departmental member arrives on a campus, the temptation is to allow him to give a new course in his doctoral specialty although the entire content of his thesis is seldom more than can be handled properly in a single class meeting. When this instructor leaves, his pet course is continued and another new course is added by his successor. If courses can be camouflaged by the protective coloration of technical jargon in their course titles and descriptions, they usually escape criticism. All departmental offerings of all schools ought to be critically examined periodically by a hatchet committee with someone like Mr. Lynd as chairman.

The teachers' colleges can probably best be improved through the work of strong accrediting associations operating after the pattern set by the American Medical Association. Such action should begin to make itself felt before very long, but we must remember that the medical profession, with

centuries of experience behind it, was still wrestling with diploma mills within our own day.

Mr. Lynd suggests that the teacher preparation program of France with its *École Normale Supérieure* is much more desirable than our own; but one must consider that a country which will not enact a mild Federal Aid to Education Bill because of minority objections would hardly submit to the directions of a national minister of education in a national system such as France has. The national baccalaureate examinations and the concept of a national corps of teachers under strict bureaucratic central control are all part of the picture in which the *École Normale Supérieure* functions. Moreover, when one regards the effects of the French system on the population as a whole, the picture isn't quite so attractive. The undemocratic character of most European education probably had more to do with the collapse of Europe than is ordinarily realized. We need to be much more critical than we have been in evaluating European education.

Mr. Lynd's final recommendation deals with the private schools. He feels that the parents who are at all able to do so should withdraw their children from the public schools and send them to "one of the good private schools."

If there is a continual drain from our public schools into the various kinds of private institutions, there will be a loss of interest in and support of American public education by some of the very people who exercise influence far beyond their numbers and are most seriously needed in the improvement of such education. Various kinds of ability grouping and differentiation in curricula can be devised to care for the needs of any group without disrupting our public school organization.

Private schools are of many varieties (I assume Mr. Lynd is not referring to church schools). Some of them render an excellent educational service, particularly to specialized kinds of student personnel not yet adequately provided for in public schools. Some of them are worthless. Many of them aren't much of anything except expensive. Much of the vaunted superiority of certain private secondary schools is based upon the prestige-granting value of their diplomas rather than on any superior educational contribution. Fair objective comparisons between topflight private preparatory schools and public high schools, in which such student factors as scholastic aptitude, family background, and educational objectives are equated or "controlled," tend to disprove the alleged superiorities of private education.

Not too many years ago an analysis was made of the student enrollment at one of the most famous of these private schools. The study revealed that more than 80 per cent of the boys had fathers who were professional men, managers of important enterprises, or outright owners of large business establishments. A considerable portion of the grad-

uates of this school had established no little of the prestige value of this famous institution largely by following a familiar pattern. Each entered the same Ivy League college that had been attended by his father and grandfather. In his freshman year he took the required courses, which were a repetition of those he had taken the previous year in the preparatory school (and not by accident). Amazingly enough, he passed these courses and with the assistance of his club members he made a shrewd choice of his elective courses and graduated. Upon graduation he started, in true Horatio Alger fashion, at the very bottom of the economic ladder, as vice-president of his father's factory or corporation. When his father retired, the boy fought his way into the presidency and *Who's Who*. At this stage, his former teachers could point to him with pride as a product of their superior educational disciplines.

The work of the masters in these private preparatory schools is quite different from that of the teacher in the public high school. The highly selective character of the student body automatically simplifies the educative process. Some of these masters are excellent teachers in this setting. They have acquired effective skills over the years and are in a position to render exceptional service.

Many of these men, however, could never stand the gaff of public school work and would be the first to admit it. Hearing recitations in the highly artificial, sheltered environments of some of these private schools, from students who will learn in spite of anything done to them in a narrow memory-drill curriculum, is something quite apart from the harassing problems of discipline, motivation, and adaptation that confront the typical high school teacher. Heavy teaching schedules, with classes that are random samplings of all the children of all the people, with infinite varieties of ability, interest, and need, require the utmost in professional preparation and resourcefulness.

In his first paragraph, Mr. Lynd laments the prevalence of a type of high school principal who, though he may be able to lead "an enraptured class discussion in *A Democratic Solution of Our Traffic Problem*," has difficulty in deciphering the Latin date on the cornerstone of his school building. Such a predicament, of course, is too bad. But even though Mr. Lynd has a point here, I still feel that if one had to make a choice of a school administrator on the basis of even such trivial abilities, I'd favor the man interested in today's traffic problems, which involve life, limb, and the pursuit of happiness. The Roman system of number symbols was a clumsy arrangement that effectively blocked Roman mathematical progress for centuries and perhaps ought not to be on a modern high school building. After all, we are in Anno Domini MCML face to face with the mathematics of the Atomic Age.



Author and pianist, ELLIOT PAUL began his writing on Beacon Hill, but shifted to the Left Bank of the Seine in the 1920s. There he was the literary editor of the Paris edition first of the Chicago Tribune and then of the New York Herald, and co-editor of transition. Among his best-remembered books are The Life and Death of a Spanish Town (1937), The Last Time I Saw Paris (1942), Linden on the Saugus Branch (1947). His latest volume, Springtime in Paris, will be off the press in July.

THE LATIN QUARTER ON SATURDAY NIGHT

by ELLIOT PAUL

1

PERIODICALLY, every twenty or thirty years in the course of the past eight centuries, some contemporary French poet has apologized for the decline of the Latin Quarter. But through all its historical upheavals and the smooth passage of the centuries, the Latin Quarter, in the words of one of its best chroniclers, Jean Emile-Bayard, "changes its place and form, but endures." Its Modernism, like Hercules, finds that its Past, in the manner of the giant Antaeus, is renewed by contact and derives fresh strength each time it is thrown to earth.

Today, in the Latin Quarter, are new faces and voices, young men and others not so young, survivors of a war that made anything in other eras look like child's play. They are uncertain of their talents, of the validity of our age.

The students of the Left Bank still look outlandish and frivolous; a phenomenal amount of hard study and fine instruction takes place; cults spring up like mushrooms; there are fist fights and reconciliations, drinking bouts and mornings after. Today those young men with whiskers and the lassies with the indelicate air, for a tuition amounting to 250 francs a term, less than 70 cents, enjoy the facilities of the great university, the Sorbonne. Those in the law school are guided by Professor Julliot de la Morandière, an eminent jurist and pedagogue; de Broglie is dean of mathematics, Laporte of philosophy, and Professor Mirkin Guevitch heads the college of political science. Of a total of nearly 49,000, 2000 of the regular students are Americans who, like the French, are admitted if they have passed the equivalent of a Baccalaureate and are qualified to enter an American university. The administrator of the Sorbonne, Jean Sarrailh, was appointed in 1946 and works in harmony with Pierre DeGaulle, who is president of the Paris Municipal Council. Much of the musty atmosphere between the wars has cleared. Today's Latin

Quarter, to those who look beyond the surface, reflects in microcosm the problems, hopes, fears, and prospects of France and the Western world.

Where is the Latin Quarter? What are its boundaries?

Each man who writes about it expresses a slightly different opinion, according to his experience and period. The purist goes back to the days when the Romans, after the conquest of Gaul, lived on the slope of what is now called Mont Ste-Geneviève, among the vineyards. They built elaborate baths in what is now the Boulevard St-Michel, and an amphitheater in the rue Monge. Before World War I, archaeologists rummaging in the foundations of the Lycée St-Louis found the relics of a public meeting hall there.

Since no one can fix with authority any physical boundaries, it is better to say that the Latin Quarter is where the students choose to congregate in numbers. Today, to use botanical terms, the ovule of the Quarter is the Café de Flore, and the receptacle the Place St-Germain-des-Prés. The roots, stalk, and long leaves of the plant are where they have been since the Sorbonne was founded in the thirteenth century, marked by the Panthéon, which stands on the most imposing site of any building in Paris.

In Whistler's day, van Gogh's, Yvette Guilbert's, Georges Courteline's, the students and their girls used to meet every Thursday night at the Bal Bullier, near the Closerie-des-Lilas, on Montparnasse. There they danced the fast waltz and the java, the galop and the schottische. Each Friday afternoon, the students, intellectuals, and habitués took a stroll in the Luxembourg Gardens and gathered around the fountain of the Medici to greet acquaintances, compare notes, and make appointments.

In 1950, the big night is Saturday, and where will

the students be found? On the *terrasse* of the Flore, the Deux-Magots, the Brasserie Lipp, and the Royale, and in cellar, courtyard, and narrow sidewalk hot spots which show an American influence in drinks, styles of dancing, and jazz: the Club St-Germain-des-Prés, Tabu, the Vieux-Colombier, underneath the famous theater which still maintains or surpasses old standards. Last summer the Vieux-Colombier's *Othello* and *La Tour Eiffel Qui Tue*, with Michel de Re and Janine Grenet, played to "Standing Room Only" audiences when theaters on the Right Bank were not as well patronized. The list of "clubs," bars, and joints (in French, *boîtes*) where students and tourists mingle includes Chez Inez, La Reine Blanche, the Nest of Vipers near St-Séverin, the Montana Bar not far from the Left Bank branch of the American Library, and the Civet.

On the sidewalks and in back rooms of the more decorous cafés is the kind of talk associated in the literary mind with the traditional Quartier Latin — art, belles-lettres, philosophy. If the art is the latest Picasso, the poetry that of the revolutionists of the Word, and the philosophy tinged with Jean-Paul Sartre, that does not mean that it is less earnest, violent, or fruitful than the talk of yesteryear. And if the students, who welcomed Oriental and North African influences before World War II, today are all out for the offerings of the United States, is that necessarily a step backward or toward madness?

The older writers, long established and identified with respectable and lofty ideals — for instance, members of the group including Claudel, Mauriac, de Montherlant, and Jules Romains and called, not too reverently sometimes, "the last pillars of the Church" — could walk up and down the Boulevards St-Germain and St-Michel without being recognized or saluted by large numbers of the younger generation. But let Sidney Bechet, Charlie Parker, or Louis Armstrong step from a taxicab and the American jazz exponent would be greeted from all sides with zest and appreciation. Few are the whiskered denizens of the Quarter who would not know that Bechet is the old master of the clarinet who plays the richest "Dixieland" and that Charlie Parker is runner-up to Dizzy Gillespie in the be-bop stratosphere. And Satchmo' with his wellspring of invention and contagious wide smile! He could, in the words of the popular song, have the clappers of the bells of Notre-Dame or the keys to the Hôtel de Ville if they were the sole property of the post-war crop of young Parisians.

In dim corners around the Panthéon, the old Noctambules, the Taverne, chez Dupont, there might be a few mixed couples doing the java or the "fox." Where Claude Luter, Django Rhinehart, and Braslavsky were playing, below street level in the rue St-Benoît, the rue du Dragon or the rue des Prêtres-St-Séverin, couples would be doing the

Lindy Hop, the Suzy-Q, and all the Harlem varieties of rug cutting conceivable. If the first American cocktails were served in the "American" bar of the Taverne du Panthéon in the early 1900s, Martinis, Manhattans, Daiquiris, Bacardis, and Jack Roses go over the tiny zinc bars and the wide mahogany bars of St-Germain in profusion. The students can seldom afford luxury drinks, unless the tourists are buying. But some of the soundest beer in the world is on tap at Lipp's near-by, the Hatt de Cronembourg from Alsace, at 10 cents (35 francs) the seidel.

Those who have formed their idea of Latin Quarter existence from the opera *La Bohème* or the film in which Mr. Paul Muni played Zola will get a rude shock when they see the 1950 Quarter on a Saturday night. It will do them a world of good. The French have never been afraid of influence, and, like the Chinese, transform what is foreign into something native with little delay.

And what kind of *grisette* will the tourist today see in place of pale Mimi, of the buxom long-skirted types depicted by Hopkinson Smith while America had its Gibson girl, of the Jeanne Duvals beloved of Baudelaire, of the Sarah Brownes who stripped at the art students' ball in 1893? The female denizen of the Quarter, vintage 1950, is slender, supple, and strong. The calves of her legs, if not the spread of her hips, indicate that for years she has gone from place to place on bicycles. Her hair is long, and straight if it is not naturally curly, her lipstick is vivid, her cheeks relatively pale. She is not consumptive, like Mimi. She wears her broad belt high. Her shoes have built-up spongy soles and are more or less flat. No hat, no gloves, no chic, except a forceful style of her own. She does as she likes, and is not pushed around. When she takes a fancy to a poor young man, or a middle-aged one for that matter, it is not the modern Mimi who will be timid or afraid. It will be Rudolph, if anyone, who trembles. They will saunter down the street, hand in hand. They are companions. If quite a few of the young men are American GI's, let it pass. Let be.

2

THE pilgrim to the Latin Quarter today will find in each small crooked street or broad thoroughfare something old as well as something new. Antaeus and Hercules, Past and Present, are both still in the ring.

It must be a source of satisfaction to the proprietors of the Café Voltaire, for instance, to feel that when they take a visitor upstairs to read the signatures and inscriptions of Anatole France, Paul Bourget, Richépin, Coppée, and Mallarmé in the Golden Book, they are serving food downstairs just as good and wines as sound as were relished by the celebrities now defunct; also that the present company is not always dull or uninspired. Across from the Odéon, now called the Salle Luxembourg of the

Comédie-Française, the Voltaire is quite as attractive and vital as it ever was. On the other hand, the once famous Procope, former refuge of Huysmans and Voltaire, with oil paintings of Rousseau and Mirabeau on its walls, has sunk to the level of an ordinary *bistro*. The Café Rouge, worse luck, has been converted into a cheap photographer's studio.

The "painting factory" in which Watteau and other distinguished painters — classic, romantic, and modern — worked for coins with which to "boil the pot" is still in operation, just off the rue Cujas. The belt-line artists are stationed along a bench, side by side, some with easels, others preferring to work "flat." The man farthest left is a specialist in underpainting and with a large-sized brush covers the canvas with neutral shades, light above the horizon. Next to him, a sky painter does a creditable sky. Then a foreground man takes the canvas and fills the front plane with grass, rocks, water, or sand. One who is adept at trees puts in a few of those, and a figure man adds a human or two, or some domestic animals. The whole thing is finished in less than an hour, and sells for a fair price before it is dry, sometimes. In Watteau's day religious paintings found the readiest market. His specialty was the head of St. Sebastian. While blindfolded or in darkness, Watteau could paint the saint as far down as the shoulders, and often performed this feat to demonstrate his skill or win a bet.

A piquant holdover from the early eighteenth century is the laundry for men and boys with only one shirt, in the rue du Cardinal Lemoine. The client is made comfortable on a hard wooden bench, and foreigners of all kinds are welcome. Those who are waiting for their shirts to be washed, dried, sprinkled, ironed, and returned sit naked to the waist and converse on cultural or political subjects, or just tell risqué stories. The fee is small, today only 20 francs, a little less than the eighteenth part of a Yankee dollar. I found few places where the laundry work was better.

After mentioning with such enthusiasm the Luxembourg Gardens, it would be a pity not to tell about the little popular dance hall where nursemaids entrusted with children whose parents intended that the kiddies spend the afternoon in the open air, among the trees and bees, may check

them for a nominal fee and spend the hours with their boy friends on the dance floor. Here the dancing is strictly old-fashioned.

The children are all herded together in an enormous back room, and learn, if nothing else, that it takes all kinds to make a world. Perhaps that makes up to them in a measure the lack of outdoor play and air. The checking fee per child per hour is 5 francs, less than the price of a daily newspaper.

Although the Café Balzar in the rue des Écoles was never a rendezvous for students, being too expensive and not overcrowded with rich tourists, it was and is one of the best points of vantage from which to see the Latin Quarter life of pre-war and post-war style intermingled. The Sorbonne stands just to the right, the Noctambules is a few steps to the left, and across the way is the tiny Place Paul Painlevé, with its cluster of trees, including a majestic linden. The Balzar was the first place in Paris where first-class beer was served, and its beer today cannot be surpassed, and is equaled only at Lipp's, which is under the same management. Now that their colleagues who were Collaborators have been cleaned out, the French journalists and columnists are coming back to the Balzar, arriving about midnight, and it soon will reach its pre-war standard — in fact, as soon as cream is plentiful and legal for its inimitable white sauces and rich desserts.

Should it depress a young student today when he reminds himself that Erasmus once attended the Sorbonne, and the modern young man does not feel like another Erasmus? Let him think, instead, of Berlioz, who could not make the grade as a medical student and leaped from a window to escape his first session in the dissecting room.

Shall the youth of France today weep because their country is bankrupt? It is no worse off financially than it has been since 1914, and a lot of living has gone on between 1914 and 1950, much of it bitter, some sweet. Is the Latin Quarter's young novice to bow down in discouragement because he finds the government inept, in fact sometimes ridiculous? The government of France has practically always been inefficient, and nearly always comical.

The Latin Quarter goes on, with its profound traditions behind it, the problems of today in its lap, a future in the dreams of those who, waking, will forge it.



The Atlantic Serial



"One gets a certain thrill from discovering something others had not known," Orville Wright remarked to FRED C. KELLY, then working on his biography of the Wright brothers. After Orville's death, the family gave Mr. Kelly exclusive access to the Wright letters now in the Library of Congress. "I think," he writes us, "that they are the most important unpublished letters now available anywhere in the world. They deal with a subject that has brought a greater effect on the world than anything since the discovery of America." The Atlantic is pleased to publish excerpts from the letters, annotated by Mr. Kelly. This is the second of three installments.

MIRACLE AT KITTY HAWK

Unpublished Letters of the Wright Brothers

Edited by FRED C. KELLY

4

At the end of 1901 the Wrights had confirmed, by ingenious wind-tunnel experiments, their belief that all published tables of air pressures on curved surfaces were in error. Their gliding at Kitty Hawk had convinced them that even Otto Lilienthal, the German whom they greatly admired, had lacked knowledge of what curvature wing surfaces should be for successful flight — though he had been the first to know *why* curved surfaces in a flying machine were superior to flat. Reluctantly, the Wrights had discontinued their research. They still had to look after their bicycle business and earn a living.

Now Chanute, who had himself experimented with gliders, and was the best historian of attempts of man to fly, perceived that the Wrights were already far ahead of all their predecessors; he knew it would be a loss to science if they did not continue their investigations. So he offered to try to get Andrew Carnegie to supply funds.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO OCTAVE CHANUTE

December 23, 1901

As to your suggestion in regard to Mr. Carnegie, of course nothing would give me greater pleasure than to devote my entire time to scientific investigations; and a salary of ten or twenty thousand a year would be no insuperable objection, but I think it possible that Andrew is too hard-headed a Scotch-

man to become interested in such a visionary pursuit as flying. But to discuss the matter more seriously, I will say that several times in the years that are past I have had thoughts of a scientific career, but the lack of a suitable opening, and the knowledge that I had no special preparation in any particular line, kept me from entertaining the idea very seriously. I do not think it would be wise for me to accept help in carrying our present investigations further, unless it was with the intention of cutting loose from business entirely and taking up a different line of life work. There are limits to the neglect that business will endure, and a little pay for the time spent in neglecting it would only increase the neglect, without bringing in enough to offset the damage resulting from a wrecked business. So while I would give serious consideration to a chance to enter upon a new line of work, I would not think it wise to make outside work too pronounced a feature of a business life.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO OCTAVE CHANUTE

January 5, 1902

The relation of men of wealth to the flying problem presents many points of similarity to that of North Pole hunting. It would be folly to back such attempts as business propositions, or at least it could be considered nothing better than the very rashest speculation. Although I personally believe

that constant systematic effort would bring about a successful machine in the course of a very few years, yet in view of the universal failures of the past no man could honestly make such a belief the basis of an appeal to some rich man for help on a business basis. If wealth is to be interested it would more properly be in the line of instituting a fund to be known as "The Croesus Fund for the promotion of Aeronautical Science," with the condition that all experiments should be published as "Croesus Fund" experiments and that the successful machine should in some way have this name linked with it. Another plan would be to offer a permanent prize of a considerable amount to be awarded only for a machine which was capable of meeting rigid tests, but the interest each year to be awarded to the most valuable improvement or contribution to aeronautical science made during the year.

The first plan would be somewhat on the plan of the Smithsonian Institution, or the recent Carnegie Institute, only on a much smaller scale of course and with no permanent buildings, etc. The other would be similar to that of the Nobel Fund except that the endowment would become the grand prize in case of absolute success.

Since donations of ten to thirty millions have become the style, little fame is to be obtained by comparatively small gifts to colleges. For the money expended, an aeronautical fund would probably give a man as much fame as any that could be named, as the newspapers keep a closer watch on such matters than on colleges.

If wealth is to be interested on a mixed basis of benevolence and hope of pecuniary return, it ought to be made sufficiently clear that the latter could hardly be considered a satisfactory insurance against finally resting in a pauper's grave.

Your news in regard to the St. Louis Exposition is interesting certainly. If the plan is carried through, it will undoubtedly have the effect of greatly stimulating public interest at least, and may bring some new workers into the field. Whether it will have much immediate effect so far as a complete flying machine is concerned, I much doubt, because where all is attempted at once in haste, no one point receives sufficient attention to lead to a real advance. The probability is that the department of aviation would be a competition between *engine* builders rather than *flying machine* builders.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO OCTAVE CHANUTE

DAYTON, OHIO, *January 19, 1902*

I am sending you herewith photo and description of our pressure testing machine. It is our belief that the method and construction employed entirely avoid errors from the following sources: (1) Variation in wind velocity; (2) Variations in temperature and density of the atmosphere; (3) Travel of center of pressure; (4) Variation in angle of incidence owing to movements of the mounting arms. The first

two causes gave Mr. Langley trouble; while the third and fourth vitiate somewhat the *natural wind* experiments of Lilienthal. Gravity and centrifugal force are also rendered nugatory.

Our greatest trouble was in obtaining a perfectly straight current of wind, but finally by using a wind straightener, and changing the resistance plane to a position where its ill influence was much reduced and also by breaking it up into a number of narrow vertical surfaces instead of a single square, we obtained a current very nearly constant in direction. The instrument itself was mounted in a long square tube or trough having a glass cover. After we began to make our record measurements we allowed no large object in the room to be moved, and no one except the observer was allowed to come near the apparatus, and he occupied exactly the same position beside the trough at each observation. We had found by previous experience that these precautions were necessary, as very little is required to deflect a current a tenth of a degree, which is enough to very seriously affect the results. I will send another batch of data in a few days.

Your letter from St. Louis of course interested us very much. The newspapers of yesterday announce that the fair will be held in 1903 as originally planned. If this be final there will be little time for designing and building a power machine, which is, I suppose, the only kind that could hope to be awarded a prize of any size. Whether we shall compete will depend much on the conditions under which the prizes are offered. I have little of the gambling instinct, and unless there is reasonable hope of getting at least the amount expended in competing, I would enter only after very careful consideration. Mathematically it would be foolish to spend two or three thousand dollars competing for a hundred thousand dollar prize if the chance of winning be only *one* in a hundred.

The Wrights kept up their correspondence with George A. Spratt, of Coatesville, Pennsylvania, who had visited them at Kitty Hawk in the summer of 1901. He was much interested in aerodynamic problems, and had also had medical training. The Wrights had invited him at the suggestion of Chanute, who was disturbed when he discovered that no doctor was available near their camp.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO GEORGE A. SPRATT

DAYTON, *January 23, 1902*

I see from your remark about the "blues" that you still retain the habit of letting the opinions or doings of others influence you too much. We thought we had partly cured you of this at Kitty Hawk. It is well for a man to be able to see the merits of others and the weaknesses of himself, but if carried too far it is as bad or even worse than seeing only his *own merits* and *others'* weaknesses. . . .

You seem to be having trouble to obtain satis-

factory surfaces. Possibly our experience will be of assistance in deciding on proper material. But first you ought to decide on the length, breadth, and thickness of your surface. It ought to be as near as possible proportionate in every dimension to the surfaces to be used in large machines. Now, the experiments of Lilienthal, Langley, Dines, Maxim, Wenham, and others, as well as our own recent experiments, show that the efficiency at small angles is greatest in surfaces having the latitude much greater than the fore and aft dimension. And this agrees with what we find in birds, as the tip to tip measurement is never less than five times the longitude of wing from front to rear, and in the sea birds, which live on the wing, the tip to tip spread is sometimes twenty times the fore and aft dimension. If you would copy nature your surfaces should have a lateral breadth not less than six times the length fore and aft, nor more than twenty times.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO OCTAVE CHANUTE

DAYTON, February 7, 1902

The newspapers are full of accounts of flying machines which have been building in cellars, garrets, stables, and other secret places, each one of which will undoubtedly carry off the \$200,000 at St. Louis. They all have the problem "completely solved," but usually there is some insignificant detail yet to be decided, such as whether to use steam, electricity, or a water motor to drive it. Mule power might give greater *ascensional force if properly applied*, but I fear would be too dangerous unless the mule wore pneumatic shoes. Some of these reports would disgust one, if they were not so irresistibly ludicrous.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO GEORGE A. SPRATT

DAYTON, February 14, 1902

Your letter and the surfaces received. Sorry you do not find sheet steel applicable to your needs. I recommended it because it is so stiff, so easily formed into any desired shape, and so cheap. In fifteen minutes any curvature desired can be obtained with no other tools than a hammer and anvil, either a plain curve, or spoon shaped, or bowl shaped. Carving surfaces out of wood is all right, but it is awfully tedious work.

Your reasoning in regard to two 6" x 12" being equal to one 6" x 24" in lift is hardly sound. The two halves of a broken pitcher are equal in *weight* to the unbroken pitcher but they will not hold as much water. Your two surfaces will equal the larger one in *area* but it does not necessarily follow that they will be equal in any other respect. As a matter of fact the conditions are materially different owing to the fact that in the 6" x 24" surface there are only two ends (tips) for the wind to escape around, while in the two 6" x 12" surfaces there are *four* such ends. Thus there is less *loss* in the 6" x 24" surface, and its lift is relatively greater.

You are quite right in saying that a gas engine

and tools are an advantage in experimenting. It is possible that in the long run you could do more experimenting in a given time by spending part of your time earning money by running a bicycle repair shop, or something of the kind, and incidentally fitting up with an engine which would come in handy in aeronautical work. In the present stage of the game aeronautical experimenting alone is not a very sure way of earning bread and butter.

5

THE Wrights were the first to know that there was a loss of lifting power from placing one wing above another, and how much loss.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO OCTAVE CHANUTE

DAYTON, March 11, 1902

Your inquiry as to my opinion of the best surfaces to use and how many to superpose, I am unable to answer definitely. There are a number of points which need to be investigated first. Our experiments showed that with surfaces of a given thickness and longitude, the lift and dynamic efficiency increased as the latitude became greater. But as structural reasons demand that the thickness of the lateral spars must increase as the latitude becomes greater, a point is finally reached where a further increase of the relative latitude is harmful in dynamic efficiency — the drift increases faster than the lift. Just what the proper proportions are I do not know, but I think that with a surface 1 foot thick and 3 feet from front to rear, the spread should be from 15 to 25 feet.

As to superposing, our tables give all that I know. A machine with several surfaces will be stronger and possibly more manageable but not quite so efficient as a single surface. It is probable that trial alone will show just how far superposing can be carried with advantage.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO OCTAVE CHANUTE

DAYTON, March 23, 1902

My idea of the correct use of the terms drift and head resistance is well exemplified by . . . a man rowing across a rapid stream. If he points the boat directly across the current, it will take just as much work to reach the opposite shore as if the water were still; but he will land much lower down than his starting point. The power required to drive the boat is the "head resistance," while the distance he drifts down stream is the "drift." In both nautics and aeronautics drift is a loss of position rather than a resistance. It is important therefore to carefully distinguish in calculations between the power consumed in overcoming *resistance* and the power consumed in *recovering position*. The man, in order to avoid loss of position, must point his boat somewhat up stream while crossing, and his *relative distance rowed* will be the actual distance across the river

divided by the cosine of his "angle of incidence." . . .

I think that the St. Louis Exposition authorities will have to increase the amount of their prizes, as I have already been offered so many shares of the prize by various persons who have a cinch on it, that the sum of my shares would amount to more than the total prize. Consequently the St. Louis men must put up more money or take advantage of the bankrupt laws.

Chanute, not intending to attempt any new experiments himself, wanted to have rebuilt some of the gliders he had designed, "to test the comparative merits" of what he had done.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO OCTAVE CHANUTE

DAYTON, May 29, 1902

We consented to undertake the building of machines for you for the good of the cause. If you make other arrangements, it will be all right with us. To tell the truth, the building of machines for other men to risk their necks on is not a task I particularly relish, and if Mr. Herring is at leisure to take charge of the matter for you it will relieve us.

Our busy season is about over, and if we could depend on proper winds, we would probably spend July and August at Kitty Hawk. These are the months that we would prefer to spend in camp but we are dubious about the winds and weather after our experience of last year. If we go to Kitty Hawk it will probably be some time between August 15th and September 15th. It is a pity that the hills near Chicago are not smooth bare slopes.

Will try to furnish drawings as soon as convenient to do so. I do not think that drawings will reveal very much of the principles of operation of our machines, unless accompanied with somewhat extended explanations, so our secrets are safe enough.

The Wrights did not want to take time for testing or experimenting with gliders designed or built by anyone else, for they wanted to solve the problem themselves. But in dealing with a good friend they were polite!

WILBUR WRIGHT TO OCTAVE CHANUTE

DAYTON, June 2, 1902

If I understand you properly, you propose to build the multiple-wing and double-deck machines and give them to us as presents. You hinted something of this kind in a former letter, but it surpassed our capacity for belief that you were intending to exercise the virtue of benevolence on so magnificent a scale as your words seemed to imply. The kindness and enthusiasm in the cause which prompted such a generous offer strike a very deep chord in our hearts. We thank you most earnestly. Yet the question arises whether it would be wise to spend so much for such a purpose. It is not certain that we would be able to find opportunity for such ex-

tended use of the machines as would justify so great an expenditure on your part. Our use of the machines ought to be an incident rather than the primary purpose of their construction. We are yet in hopes that you may decide to resume experiment on your own account.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO OCTAVE CHANUTE

DAYTON, July 9, 1902

In our conversation you raised the point of the advisability of sending Mr. Avery or Mr. Herring down to Kitty Hawk. I did not feel prepared to give a definite opinion without full consideration of the matter with my brother. We think that there are reasons that make it very desirable that an expert should be present during the trials of your machines. (1) The expense incurred in building the machines is such as to make it very desirable that the tests should be as *perfect as possible*. (2) An expert would know just how the machines ought to act, and would at once detect radical imperfections in their actions, and thus materially reduce the time required to "tune up" the machines. (3) We would be very loath to assume sole responsibility for the tests, for if from any cause whatsoever the results obtained should fail to equal those obtained by Messrs. Herring and Avery it might raise a suspicion that we had not acted fairly. We would have no fears of your own personal opinion; but others hearing of the matter might with apparent justice form a very different opinion. We would be very unwilling to subject ourselves to the possibility of such a misapprehension of the facts.

KATHARINE WRIGHT TO HER FATHER

DAYTON, August 20, 1902

The flying machine is in process of making now. Will spins the sewing machine around by the hour while Orv. squats around marking the places to sew. There is no place in the house to live but I'll be lonesome enough by this time next week and wish that I could have some of this racket around.

6

THOUGH the Wrights had faith in the tables of air pressures they had compiled from their wind-tunnel experiments, and wanted to see them verified in actual gliding, yet so much remained to be discovered, and the whole job seemed so formidable, that Wilbur hesitated about making another trip to Kitty Hawk. Not until a week or so before time to start was Orville sure that he had succeeded in persuading Wilbur to go; and he would not have gone alone.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO HIS FATHER

KITTY HAWK, NORTH CAROLINA, August 31, 1902

We left Dayton at 9 A.M. last Monday and reached Elizabeth City at 5.45 P.M. Tuesday after a very

nice trip. We found the schooner *Lou Willis*, Captain Midgett, lying at the wharf intending to start for Kitty Hawk at 4 A.M. Wednesday morning. To rush back to the station and get our trunks out of the baggage room and our freight out of the freight depot before 6 P.M., the shutting up time, required fast work, but we succeeded. By extraordinary luck we also succeeded in buying a barrel of gasoline just as the men were leaving the Standard Oil Company warehouse, and Orville succeeded in getting an oven by rushing from store to store till he found one where the man was locking up, but reopened long enough to sell an oven. The groceries were mostly closed but we finally found one open and got a few cans of baking powder. It was long after dark before we got our things aboard the boat.

The boat set sail at 3.45 A.M. next morning, or rather we poled out, for the wind was too light to sail. At 6 o'clock we had made nearly a mile. At noon we had gone about 6 miles. Then the wind came up a little stronger, but changed its direction so that it came dead ahead, so that while the boat moved through the water with fair speed it was mostly back and forth across the river and very little onward in the direction we wanted to go. By 3 o'clock we had made about 15 miles, about $1\frac{1}{3}$ miles an hour for eleven hours' sailing. As the captain saw that there was no hope of getting to Kitty Hawk till long after midnight he decided to cast anchor till daylight next morning. . . .

On reaching shore we hurried about and soon got Dan Tate and his boat and Captain Hobbs' horse and cart and, putting our trunks, gasoline stove, and a few necessary articles of food in boat and cart, we set out for camp 4 miles south of the wharf, and reached there about 6 o'clock. We found that the wind had blown the sand out from under the ends of our building and let them down about 18 inches so that the floor inside sloped very much like a mountain side each way from the center. However, we got our stove to work and made some beef-extract soup, and this with crackers made us a little supper, and we went to bed happy.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO HIS SISTER

KITTY HAWK, August 31, 1902

We drove our well a few days ago by a method we shall probably patent immediately after returning home, and obtained water suitable for all purposes. It is the best in Kitty Hawk. We also set up our table and covered the top with white oilcloth over two thicknesses of burlap, so you see we have an up-to-date soft-top dining table. Strict orders have been given to set nothing hot on it or anything that can discolor it. We also upholstered our dining-room chairs with excelsior and burlap, and have put in other royal luxuries. So far, in addition to cooking, etc., we have exercised ourselves in the trades of carpentering, furniture making, upholstering, well driving, and will add house moving next week.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO OCTAVE CHANUTE

KITTY HAWK, September 5, 1902

As to the choice of a man to experiment your machines, we wish you to get the one whom you think most available. In a former letter I expressed a preference for Mr. Avery because several things I had heard about Mr. Herring's relations with Mr. Langley and yourself seemed to me to indicate that he might be of a somewhat jealous disposition, and possibly inclined to claim for himself rather more credit than those with whom he might be working would be willing to allow. While I do not anticipate trouble for ourselves on this score, yet I thought that with Mr. Avery there would not be the same risk. If you should find it most convenient to send Mr. Herring it will be entirely satisfactory to us. If you also are in camp during the time that he is here I do not see how any misunderstanding could arise.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO GEORGE A. SPRATT

KITTY HAWK, September 16, 1902

Yours of the 9th received. We learned with much regret that there is a possibility that you may not get down here this year, as we had looked forward to your visit with pleasure. Everything is so much more favorable this year than last that it would be a pity to have your ideas of camp life here based on your experience of one year ago. First, we have not seen a dozen mosquitoes in the two weeks and a half we have been here. I have not seen a half dozen myself. Second, we fitted up our living arrangements much more comfortably than last year. Our kitchen is immensely improved, and then we have made beds on the second floor and now sleep aloft. It is an improvement over cots. We have put battens on the cracks of the whole building, including the addition, so it is much tighter and more waterproof than before, as well as more sand-proof. Our new well goes down 6 or 8 feet below water mark on the ocean . . . and we now have good water. We also have a bicycle which runs much better over the sand than we hoped, so that it takes only about an hour to make the round trip to Kitty Hawk instead of three hours as before. There are other improvements too numerous to mention . . . so we are having a splendid time.

Mr. Chanute is sending down two machines. One built for him by Mr. Herring, and one built by Mr. Lamson (of kite fame). He is expecting to come down himself about October 1st. Mr. Herring will come down to manipulate the Chanute machines.

At present Orville and I are alone in camp. We made arrangements, before coming down, to have Dan Tate with us as soon as we were ready to begin experimenting. This is all the force we absolutely need, as we will do little measuring and photographing till later when we have more men. We do not absolutely need a fourth man, yet he would not be an incumbrance by any means, especially if he was as good a companion as I know you to be.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO OCTAVE CHANUTE

KITTY HAWK, *September 21, 1902*

You should bring warm clothing and not less than the equivalent of two heavy double blankets for bedding, as we may have cool nights in October. We will arrange to have the necessities of life in the way of food, but as our food was selected according to our own tastes, it may be that it may lack some things you would prefer. If there is anything for which you have a particular fondness you can bring it down, though I much doubt whether you will have much opportunity. My brother and I are sleeping on special cots in the second story of our building. We therefore have the two cots which we used last year in reserve for visitors. If you would prefer to sleep aloft as we do, suitable cots can quickly be improvised if you will bring down two yards of heavy canvas or sail cloth (about 16 oz. would be best) for each cot. We prefer the upper story ourselves.

FROM ORVILLE WRIGHT'S DIARY

MONDAY, *September 22, 1902*

After altering truss wires so as to give an arch to the surfaces making the ends 4 inches lower than the center, and the angle at the tips greater than that at the center, we took the machine out, ready for experiments. We had a steady wind of 11 to 12 meters. After waiting a while for Dan Tate to show up, which he failed to do at all during the day, we took the machine to the small hill, where we flew it as a kite, with very satisfactory results. We found that the trouble experienced heretofore with a cross wind turning up the wing it first struck had been overcome.

TUESDAY, *September 23*

On my third or fourth glide with the end control loose so that it could be used, I was sailing along smoothly without any trouble at all from the fore and aft control, when I noticed that one wing was gradually getting a little too high and that the machine was slowly sliding off in the opposite direction. I thought that by moving the end control mechanism an inch or so I would bring the wing back again to its proper position, and as I was going along so smoothly with no need of changing the front rudder, I attempted to make the change. The next thing I knew was that the wing was very high in the air, a great deal higher than before, and I thought I must have worked the twisting apparatus the wrong way. Thinking of nothing else than the end control, after reassuring myself as to what was the proper motion, I threw the wing tips to their greatest angle. By this time I found suddenly that I was making a descent backwards toward the low wing from a height of 25 or 30 feet, as a result of the machine having turned up at an angle of nearly 45° in front, which fact I had not noticed at all while occupied in the manipulation of the ends, but which

had been witnessed by Will and Dan with alarm, for several seconds before. The result was a heap of flying machine cloth and sticks, with me in the center without a bruise or a scratch. The experiments thereupon suddenly came to a close till the repairs can be made. In spite of this sad catastrophe we are tonight in a hilarious mood as a result of the encouraging performances of the machine, both in control and in angles of flight, which we are convinced will be at least 3° better than any machine ever tried before.

WEDNESDAY, *September 24*

Spent the day in making repairs on the machine. We took the cloth off of last section of both upper and lower surfaces, spliced the broken spars and ribs, and are ready for tacking on cloth again. The *Lou Willis* came in today with provisions and Mr. Chanute's multiple-wing machine, which Will and Dan Tate carried from the Sound to Camp.

FRIDAY, *September 26*

Will continued repairs on machine, completing them this evening. The machine is now ready for use at first favorable weather. I put in a part of the day in constructing a "death trap" for a poor mouse that has been annoying us by prowling about our kitchen shelves at night. We are now anxiously awaiting the arrival of the "victim."

SATURDAY, *September 27*

At 11 o'clock I was awakened by the mouse crawling over my face. Will had advised me that I had better get something to cover my head, or I would have it "chawed" off. I found on getting up that the little fellow had only come to tell me to put another piece of corn bread in the trap. He had disposed of the first piece.

WEDNESDAY, *October 8*

We took both our own and the multiple-wing machines to the north slope of the large hill, where Mr. Herring attempted to glide on a slope of 13° but could not get sufficient speed to sustain and glide on that angle.

SATURDAY, *October 11*

Mr. Herring has decided that it is useless to make further experiments with the Mult. Wing. I think that a great deal of the trouble with it came from its structural weakness, as I noticed that in winds which were not even enough for support, the surfaces were badly distorted, twisting so that, while the wind at one end was on the under side, often at the other extreme it was on top. Mr. Chanute seems much disappointed in the way it works.

When Herring left Kitty Hawk, he made a bee-line to Washington, where he sought an interview with Professor Langley, perhaps to offer to reveal

to him construction details of the Wrights' 1902 glider and its performance. But Langley declined to see him. The Wrights appreciated Langley's ethical attitude.

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THE experiments with the 1902 glider were almost as important as those the next year with the powered machine, for in 1902 the Wrights had solved most of the problems of stability and control. Their basic patent was on the mechanism of this glider.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO HIS FATHER

KITTY HAWK, *October 2, 1902*

Our new machine is a very great improvement over anything we had built before, and over anything anyone has built. We have far beaten all records for flatness of glides as we in some cases have descended only $5\frac{1}{3}^{\circ}$ from the horizontal while other machines descended from $7\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ to 11° .

This means that in soaring we can descend much slower, and in a power machine can fly with much less power. The new machine is also much more controllable than any heretofore built, so the danger is correspondingly reduced. We are being very careful and will avoid accident of serious nature if possible. Yesterday I tried three glides from the top of the hill and made 506 feet, $504\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and 550 feet, respectively, in distance passed over. Everything is so much more satisfactory that we now believe that the flying problem is really nearing its solution.

ORVILLE WRIGHT TO HIS SISTER

KITTY HAWK, *October 23, 1902*

Everybody is out of camp today but Will and myself. Spratt left Monday. We had a good time last week after Chanute and Herring left. The work . . . was so much easier, besides the fact that the fewer in camp the more there is for each one to eat, that we had lots of time to go over to the woods botanizing and looking after birds. We went to the beach a number of times and have collected a whole bucketful of starfish besides a lot of shells and a couple of king crabs which we will bring home. Spratt is a fine fellow to be with in the woods, for he knows every bird, or bug, or plant that you are likely to run across.

Day before yesterday we had a wind of 16 meters per second or about 30 miles per hour, and glided in it without any trouble. That was the highest wind a gliding machine was ever in, so that we now hold all the records! The largest machine, the longest time in the air, the smallest angle of descent, and the highest wind!!! Well, I'll leave the rest of this "blow" till we get home.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO OCTAVE CHANUTE

DAYTON, *November 2, 1902*

We left Kitty Hawk at daybreak on last Tuesday and reached home at 3 P.M. on Friday after a very exciting but tiresome trip.

Into the last ten days of practice we crowded more glides than in all the weeks preceding. In two days we made about two hundred and fifty, all of which were made in winds ranging from 9 to $16\frac{3}{4}$ meters per second. The duration of these glides ranged from seven to sixteen seconds. This practice enabled us to very greatly increase our skill in the management of the machine. We increased our record for distance to $622\frac{1}{2}$ feet, for time to 26 seconds, and for angle to 5° for a glide of 156 feet.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO OCTAVE CHANUTE

DAYTON, *November 12, 1902*

We received from Mr. Langley, a few days before we finished our experiments at Kitty Hawk, a telegram and afterwards a letter, inquiring whether there would be time for him to reach us and witness some of our trials before we left. We replied that it would be scarcely possible as we were intending to break camp in a few days. He made no mention of his experiments on the Potomac. . . .

Orville is at work on a new testing machine and it is possible that we may decide to make an entirely new series of measurements covering in part the same ground as before.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO OCTAVE CHANUTE

DAYTON, *December 11, 1902*

I thank you for the copy of the Mouillard patent and for your words of advice. We have our patent specifications about complete and hope to have them filed soon. . . .

It is our intention next year to build a machine much larger and about twice as heavy as our present machine. With it we will work out problems relating to starting and handling heavy-weight machines, and if we find it under satisfactory control in flight, we will proceed to mount a motor.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO GEORGE A. SPRATT

DAYTON, *December 29, 1902*

We have recently done a little experimenting with screws [propellers] and are trying to get a clear understanding of just how they work and why. It is a very perplexing problem indeed.

We are thinking of building a machine next year with 500 sq. ft. surface, about 40 ft. x 6 ft. 6 in. This will give us opportunity to work out problems connected with the management of large machines both in the air and on the ground, such as starting, etc. If all goes well the next step will be to apply a motor.

(To be concluded)



stands in which audiences running into thousands acclaimed his mastery of the art of reading aloud. A creative actor of immense versatility, celebrated for his roles in the theater, in the films, and on the air, he now relates for Atlantic readers how he came to cast himself in the role of storyteller.

STORYTELLING

by CHARLES LAUGHTON

1

WAY back in the late twenties at the Haymarket Theatre in London I was rehearsing a play which was called *Mr. Pickwick*, founded on Charles Dickens's *Pickwick Papers*. We were rehearsing the famous Christmas scene at Dingley Dell farm — the scene of the mistletoe and the wassail and the old lady and the fat boy and the blazing log fire and the dancing — and I found that I and it were dull and spiritless. Over the week-end I went to visit my home town and during the train ride to Scarborough and back I reread Dickens's book, and the language jiggled and swirled and was breathless and peaceful by turns, and I remember thinking, even that long ago, that Dickens's text was complete of itself and that the mistake of our play was that it could not be transferred to any other medium without taking away its excitement. And I remember thinking then that I would like to work on this passage and read it aloud many times so that I could convey to people what Dickens's text did to me.

About that time, too, I had a beautiful little book of Hans Andersen's story "The Nightingale" (it had illustrations by Edmund Dulac and I have never been able to find the edition since) and I remember thinking that I would like to spend months learning how to tell that story to large numbers of people, as if I were the author inventing the story for the first time. I knew very clearly that it would be a long hard process. I knew that the smallest part of the labor would be the learning of these stories by heart.

I met Norman Corwin. My wife Elsa Lanchester and I did two shows with him on a program which he had in New York then, "The Pursuit of Happiness." One program was a condensation of Stephen Vincent Benét's *John Brown's Body*; the other was extracts from the work of Thomas Wolfe. Again with Norman I did a program of Sandburg, one of Wolfe, one of Walt Whitman; and I found the old ambition raging.

During the recent war I was in Hollywood. I was not actively in the war and I was restless. I

had a heavy contract at a movie studio, and apparently I was behaving badly around the house. Elsa, who understands me only too well, said, "You're an out-of-work man and a nuisance around the house; get out of here and work." I was angry — very angry — but as usual, after two or three days I knew she was right. I was being paid a lot of money, but movie acting is no complete job. In a year it will absorb only four to five months of your time, and a tenth of a man's energy. I was in a still department one day, up at Universal, I think. There were two wounded men from Birmingham Hospital and I asked what the fellows did of an evening. They said, "Nothing," and I asked them if they would be interested in anybody's coming and reading to them a couple of times a week for two hours or so. They said they would, so I had a full occupation.

I read Dickens, Aesop, Shakespeare, Walt Whitman, Maupassant, James Thurber, Hans Andersen, Washington Irving, and what all. One day I picked up a Bible, and they protested. They did not want to hear anything from a dull book. The Bible was not dull to me, but I had to prove to them that it was not dull to me, and I used every trick that I had learned and they liked it and asked for more. We had a pleasant time. There is something about reading aloud to a group of people, however scarred, that turns them into children. They would sit and listen to fairy stories. They found a reflection of their sufferings, which they had thought to be unique, in the tragedies of Shakespeare, and felt better. I lost my actor's nerves. I taught dozens of them how to read aloud to their wives and children. The whole affair is one of the good memories of my life.

One evening when I went home to Elsa I said that I believed people want this thing that I am doing; we are all disturbed and unsettled, and they seem to like sitting down and hearing about the same things that have happened to people in the past which have been set down by great writers. I found that they all had — contrary to what I had been

told in the entertainment industry — a common shy hunger for knowledge. I found that when I went home after one of these sessions I slept like a log — I am not normally a sound sleeper. I then began to read about reading aloud. I read of two famous tours of Charles Dickens; of Fanny Kemble and of the Chautauqua circuit; and learned that I had invented nothing, but was carrying on an American tradition.

It is a friendly thing to read from great books to large numbers of people. I have always been a nervous actor and scared of appearing before audiences. I have never yet been scared when I have had a bundle of books under my arm.

I have been asked which of the great authors people seem to like best. I have read to audiences varying in size from several hundred to six thousand or so, and the main impression that I have taken away is that people have just liked hearing things out of real books. Sometimes they have said, "I liked Dickens best" (it may have been snowing outside — it was in Detroit); sometimes James Thurber (they wanted to laugh together); sometimes a Psalm (they wanted to be solemn together); and sometimes Shakespeare's magic wood from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (they were indulging in magic together). There has been no preference. I have been moved by their acceptance of things particularly loved. And that is an interesting thing about people in theatres — doing things together. That is the beauty of being in a theatre. That we all — fifteen hundred or so of us in a big room — do the same thing together at the same moment — laugh or wonder or pity — and we feel good and safe because the people around us are the same as we are.

I have thought about this a lot — what theatre is — and I think this is a good part of what it is. And when we agree, as we mostly do, that a play is a good or a bad play, what we are saying is that it had the truth or it did not have the truth to fuse us then and there. And the communion that happens in a theatre is one of the best things we have in life.

2

I HAVE been asked about the techniques of reading aloud. I had better tell you something of my experiences in the hospitals when the men came to me and asked me to teach them to read love poems to their wives or Mother Goose stories to their children. They would first of all start by imitating my English accent. I had to get them back to speaking in the accents of the place they came from. People always speak most beautifully in the accents of their home towns — I, by the way, do not think that standard speech is the most alive speech. Then they would go downtown to some store and make recordings of their voices and I would have to tell

them they had to learn to tell stories or poems to another person and that if they wanted to learn to read aloud well they must learn to seek the response in somebody else's eyes as they read; and so I would get them reading to each other. After that, it's a question of practice; a lot of practice. There are laws, to obey the rhythms laid down by the poet. The verse of Shakespeare has always made nonsense to me unless one follows strictly his iambic pentameter: *de-dum, de-dum, de-dum, de-dum, de-dum*; but the whole thing is bound up in wanting to communicate something you like to others and have them like it too.

I know that some people could be angry about the remark about standard speech. I know someone who is a friend of mine who may be disappointed that I have made it. Her name is Margaret Pendergast McClean. She is a speech teacher and she has taught our Shakespeare class about the control of our voices. I know that standard speech is necessary in professional acting; otherwise in great centers such as New York and Chicago no plays could be put together if all the actors were speaking in the several accents of their home towns, but still I would like to hear *Julius Caesar* in Iowa in the speech of the Middle West, which is strong. And *Julius Caesar* in Oregon in the speech of the Far West, and *Julius Caesar* in New Orleans in the soft and lovely speech of the South. This would not work if your point of view is that *Julius Caesar* is chiefly about Ancient Rome, but I think *Julius Caesar* is more about man as a political animal in the town in which it is being played in that year and at that moment. I hope Mrs. McClean will understand this, and will know that we are not ungrateful for what she has so usefully and patiently taught us.

I find myself objecting every time I either say or hear the phrase "reading aloud." Stories were told and retold for hundreds of years before they were set down and these are the best stories, the stories which were told before they were written, and not written before they were read. This is so of the stories in the Bible. As an actor, it is easy for me to understand that they are for the voice. There are places to go loud and places to go soft and places to go fast and places to go slow. And any good actor is likely to go loud and soft and fast and slow in the same places all by himself. That is what I want to be — a storyteller. I would like to be the man who knows all the stories, who has on his back a bag full of stories, as bottomless as Santa Claus's bag of toys. But that can never be, because no man could ever know all the stories even if he were to live to be a thousand years old. I shall never even know all the stories in that way that I like best — but it is a good thing to want to go on living longer than possible. It is better than wishing you were dead.



oldest families, LORD DAVID CECIL is well known in this country for his delightful prose portrait *The Young Melbourne*, for his biography of the poet *Couper*, *The Stricken Deer*, and more recently for his study of *Dorothy Osborne and Thomas Gray*, *Two Quiet Lives*. On his inauguration as Goldsmiths' Professor of English at Oxford University, Lord David delivered this illuminating talk on the reading of great books, an essay which the Clarendon Press has published in pamphlet form.

THE ART OF READING

by LORD DAVID CECIL

1

ART is not like mathematics or philosophy. It is a subjective, sensual, and highly personal activity in which facts and ideas are the servants of fancy and feeling; and the artist's first aim is not truth but delight. Even when, like Spenser, he wishes to instruct, he seeks to do so by delighting. It follows that the primary object of a reader is to be delighted. His duty is to enjoy himself: his efforts should be directed to developing his faculty of appreciation.

To enjoy literature as it should be enjoyed is a task of immense difficulty; requiring, in addition to common sense and uncommon sensibility, faith, hope, charity, humility, patience, and most of the other Christian virtues. It also involves a long and unhurried process of self-training. To begin with we must learn to start from the right place, to get the right line of approach. This means understanding what it is that we are approaching. We must have a right notion of the nature of a work of art; and, more particularly, must we realize that it is the result of two impulses. First of all, it is the record of a personal vision. Some aspect of the artist's experience strikes him with such freshness and intensity that he feels impelled to communicate it to other people. Gray wants to write down what he felt and thought when he took a stroll in Stoke Poges churchyard one twilight evening in 1742. This, however, was not his only motive in writing his poem. People do not become painters simply because they want to paint some particular object. They do it because they like painting; because the creative instinct in them finds fulfillment in constructing a pleasing pattern in line and color. It is the same with writers. If Gray had only wanted to put down the facts about his feelings in the churchyard, he could have done it with less trouble in prose. But he also liked writing verses. The creative writer is always partly inspired by his desire to construct a pleasing object in his chosen

medium. This double impulse — to express the individual vision and to work in a particular medium — actuates every true artist. It is the union of the two that produces the phenomenon that we call a work of art.

The reader's first aim, then, must be to see the work as it is. This means accepting the limitations by which its individuality is defined. There is the limitation of the personal vision. I have said that the artist is inspired by his experience; but no artist, not even Shakespeare or Tolstoy, is so receptive as to be inspired by all his experience. Only certain things will strike deep enough into the fundamental stratum of his personality to fertilize his genius; only to a certain amount of what he sees and hears will he respond strongly enough for his record of it to be colored and energized by his individual vitality. As a consequence, every writer has, inevitably, a limited creative range. The reader should always be on the lookout to note the scope of this range. Nor should he blame the writer for remaining within it. On the contrary, he should realize that only in so far as he does so is he a successful artist. It was foolish of Charlotte Brontë to condemn Jane Austen for not depicting the full fury of the passions. It would have been equally foolish if Jane Austen had criticized Charlotte Brontë for a morbid preoccupation with personal emotion. Charlotte Brontë was not a cool and healthy-minded person; and the spectacle of the passions in violent action did not kindle Jane Austen's creative spark. It is no use blaming a writer for failing to do something he never intended to do; and, most likely, would not have made a success of if he had.

Equally must the reader accept the limitations imposed by form. There are critics who have condemned Ben Jonson's comedies because they lack the delicate sentiment and lyrical grace they find so agreeable in Shakespeare's; and who have argued

from this that Ben Jonson was a coarse and prosaic person. In fact he was nothing of the kind, as anybody can discover by reading *The Sad Shepherd*. But the satirical type of comedy which Ben Jonson chose to write could not admit sentiment and lyrical grace without destroying that unity of hard glittering tone and slackening that unrelenting intellectual tension which are necessary conditions of its characteristic effect; and he therefore rightly left them out. Equally is it silly to blame Milton for describing the garden of Eden in *Paradise Lost* without that vivid particularity of detail that is so delightful in *L'Allegro*. The effect of sublime grandeur he aimed at, and the classical, generalized style by which he sought to convey it, alike excluded such detail. Form conditions matter as much as the artist's personality does. The reader must learn not to quarrel with this conditioning.

The fact that any genuine work of art is unique should also discourage us from the seductive practice of ranking writers; drawing up a neat class list of the mighty dead, with firsts, seconds, and thirds judiciously awarded. No doubt, some writers are greater than others. Milton is a greater poet than Herrick because his creative imagination embraced a far wider and more important area of human experience in the field of its operation. But he is not a better poet in the sense that he succeeds more perfectly in his object. *Gather ye rosebuds while ye may* would not have been improved if Herrick had tried to make it more like *Lycidas*. It would have been totally different.

When we come to considering writers of more comparable powers, ranking appears even more futile and irrelevant. Who shall say with any certainty whether Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* ranks above or below Shelley's *Ode to the West Wind*? Each is a sincere and profoundly felt comment on matter of equally serious moment to mankind; each is executed with a supreme accomplishment. Which one happens to prefer depends surely on the bias of personal temperament. Anyway, Milton and Herrick, Gray and Shelley, are, as artists, all much more like each other than any of them is like a bad writer.

Critics love dividing literature up into categories, distinguishing between major art and minor art, primitive art and decadent art, light art and serious art, healthy art and morbid art. There is no harm in their doing this — it can even be illuminating — as long as they remember that the only really important distinction is that between good and bad art.

2

GENIUS — the distinguishing quality of the individual genius, that is what matters. There are as many different kinds of good book as there are different kinds of good writer. Each has something

to give us. We should admire each in so far as he strikes us as good in his particular kind.

Books can be regarded as social documents, as moral lessons, or as pieces of biography, and grouped together accordingly; often with confusing results for the reader who is seeking to estimate them as works of art. Thomas Hardy, for instance, like the realistic novelists who were his contemporaries, was a rebel against the old-fashioned orthodox ideas of his age about sex and religion. In consequence he has often been taken to be the same kind of author; and as such has been rightly judged a failure. The man who opens *Jude the Obscure* expecting a sober, documented study of nineteenth-century working-class life, like *Esther Waters*, will naturally be disappointed. But, aesthetically, Hardy was a very old-fashioned writer. His conception of a good novel, formalized, romantic, and sensational, was much more like Sir Walter Scott's than it was like that of the young George Moore. It is only when we realize this and adjust our angle of vision accordingly — looking for similar qualities and making similar allowances, as we should when reading the Waverley novels — that Hardy's genius reveals itself in its full magnificence.

Again I have noticed that some admirers of Pope do not like Tennyson. And it is true that the moral and intellectual opinions of these two authors are very different. That characteristic Victorian blend of doubt and aspiration, high-mindedness and muddle-headedness, which Tennyson voiced so melodiously, is at the very opposite pole from Pope's elegant, Augustan rationality. This intellectual difference, however, does not alter the fact that, aesthetically, Pope and Tennyson are akin. Neither was an original thinker — that is why each reflects so exactly the mind of his period — and both were possessed of a delicate sensibility to the beautiful and an extraordinary natural talent for writing, which they deliberately cultivated to the highest pitch of exquisite virtuosity. They should appeal to the same taste in art. But to realize this the reader must be looking, first of all, for artistic satisfaction. A writer can easily belong to one school intellectually and morally, and to another aesthetically. It is towards his aesthetic character that our eyes should be directed.

So much for the right approach; but our apprenticeship in literary appreciation is not over when we have achieved the right approach. We must also learn to understand the language in which the work is presented. This means first of all the language of form, the convention he uses. Failure to understand this has led critics otherwise distinguished and discriminating to say very silly things. Matthew Arnold, for example, calls Pope "a classic of prose," because he has never adjusted his mind to accept the rigid formality of the Augustan couplet as a vehicle for that serious pas-

sion and imaginative sensibility which he rightly thought essential qualities of great poetry. Again, the pundits of nineteenth-century conservative dramatic criticism refused to recognize Ibsen as a tragic dramatist because, unlike Shakespeare, he wrote about contemporary middle-class life and made his characters speak in modern colloquial language. At the very same time William Archer, who did know how to appreciate Ibsen, was denying any merit to Webster, because his plots were, from the realist's point of view, fantastic and incoherent. Inability to grasp a convention different from that to which they were accustomed prevented both from recognizing that in their different modes Ibsen and Webster were great dramatists of essentially the same type, masters of high and somber tragedy.

Strenuous critics of the psychological and sociological schools often pour scorn on scholars for devoting their time to elucidating the conventions, formal and linguistic, of past ages, instead of occupying themselves in the glorious task of exploring the economic background of authors, or analyzing their repressions. But without the work of the scholars, it is impossible to get near the authors at all. It is they who teach us the language through which their economic and psychological situations are expressed.

3

FINALLY, we have to learn to understand and accept the language of the author's temperament — to school ourselves to look at the world from his point of view while we are reading his books. This is much the hardest part of our training; for our own personal feelings are so much involved in it. A reader with a temperamental preference for the sober and restrained will find it hard to persuade himself into a mood to appreciate the grotesque extravagance of phrase with which Browning so admirably expresses his natural idiosyncrasy. Someone who instinctively responds to the bold splendor of Hopkins's verbal invention may scarcely notice, let alone enjoy, the subtle and unobtrusive felicity with which Bridges uses the English language. Or our antipathy may be moral. The puritan will recoil instinctively from Sterne, the pacifist from Kipling, the man of faith from Gibbon, the infidel from Bunyan. Yet Hopkins and Bridges, Bunyan and Gibbon, Kipling and Sterne, are all in their different manners and degrees genuine artists. He who aspires to be a man of taste should suffer from a sense of failure if he does not enjoy them all. To do so, however, may mean subjecting himself to a stern course of self-discipline and self-effacement: he may have to learn to subdue his tenderly cherished prejudices, silence his garrulous self-important opinions, if he is to attain to that receptive state of mind in which

he can freely and spontaneously surrender himself to the book which he has chosen to study.

Of course, human beings are of their nature imperfect; and our temperamental inclination will, whatever we do, always impair in some degree our capacity for appreciation. Myself, I fear I shall never enjoy George Meredith's novels as much as they deserve. It is not just that Meredith's faults jar on me; twenty years' conscientious, if intermittent, effort has proved me unable to view his works in a focus in which the beauty and intellectual penetration, whose presence I do genuinely perceive, is not somehow fogged and distorted by my temperamental distaste for his particular brand of stylistic floridity. On the other hand, Jane Austen's genius and personality are so intensely sympathetic to me that it is possible, though I think improbable, that I overrate her. But the fact that a man can never hope to be perfectly virtuous is no reason for him not to try to be as virtuous as he can. Nor should the consciousness that we shall never completely attain our ideal stop us from striving as far as possible to achieve a perfectly just and catholic taste.

Nor does our taste grow indiscriminating as it grows catholic. Greater breadth of sympathy makes us more detached, less partisan, readier to recognize that even our favorites are fallible. The more we are alive to remark the presence of the aesthetic quality the more certainly do we perceive its absence. How few authors, we note, perfectly fulfill either their personal or their formal impulses! Some stray outside their creative range, choose to write about experience which does not stimulate their imaginations; as Scott does when he leaves that Scottish life which he understood so intimately, in order to try re-creating the world of the English Middle Ages which he did not know at all. Or the vision itself may be confused by inconsistency. Thackeray urges us to admire Lady Castlewood for her noble character at the same moment that he is vividly representing her as selfish, petty, and jealous: Byron proclaims his indifference to public opinion with a loudness of tone that only betrays his secret anxiety that everybody should be impressed by him. In the works of both the trained taste is quick to detect a false note.

It also becomes skilled to notice when an author's formal impulse does not find satisfactory fulfillment; to remark, for example, that many minor Elizabethan dramatists come to grief for want of some central principle of composition with which to integrate the varying elements of their play into a unity. The subplot has no organic relation to the main plot: the comic characters are drawn in a realistic convention, the serious in a wildly poetic one, so that it is impossible to believe in a world in which they are represented as existing side by side.

Then there are the authors who do not recognize the nature of their inspiration; and in consequence try to express it in a radically unsuitable form. Hardy does this in *Two on a Tower*, where he takes a theme appropriate to a concentrated and lyrical verse tale, and then attempts, by filling it up with a clutter of conventional intrigue, to swell it out to the length required for a Victorian three-volume novel.

Other authors again fail to perceive the limitations of their medium. This is the chief cause of Wordsworth's notorious inequality. He did not realize that to put a statement into verse form gives it emphasis, and that therefore it must be a statement that will bear emphasizing. As a result there is sometimes a comical incongruity between the prosaic flatness of what he says and the lilting song rhythm in which he says it: —

For still the more he works, the more
Do his weak ankles swell.

Scott, Hardy, Wordsworth — these are all writers of the highest quality of genius. To be able to appreciate them is almost the test of a fine taste. But our capacity to do so will not make us notice their lapses less. On the contrary, the habit of disengaging the aesthetic element makes us the more acutely aware of the mass of lifeless and un-aesthetic matter, in which it is all too often embedded.

However, the gain is immensely greater than the loss. To train our taste is to increase our capacity for pleasure: for it enables us to enter into such a variety of experience. This indeed is the special precious power of literature. In actual life our experience is inevitably restricted both by the limitations imposed by circumstances and by our own character. No one person can ever know in practice what it is like to be both a man and a woman, a mystic and a materialist, a criminal and a pillar of society, an ancient Roman and a modern Russian. But books can teach us to be all these things in imagination. Every reader is a Lady of Shalott, who, secluded in his secret chamber, forgets the hours, as he sits watching the endless procession of human thought and passion and action, as it passes, motley and tumultuous, across the gleaming mirror of literature.

And, like the Lady of Shalott's, it is a magic mirror. For all that it reflects is transmuted by the alchemy of art into matter for delight. This is very odd, considering how little delightful experience often is; how dull or trivial or painful, or un-edifying! So also is the experience which forms the material of much great literature. In actual life it would be boring to live at Middlemarch, shocking to behave like the characters in *Love for Love*, depressing to look at mankind as Gulliver learned to do, horrifying to find the story of *King Lear* occurring among one's acquaintance. Yet one

enjoys them all in literature. Indeed the worst is the most enjoyable. *King Lear* provides the most satisfying experience of the lot. How can this be?

This is a dark and paradoxical mystery, in whose shadow lurks the whole question of the fundamental significance of art. It is not for me to propose a final answer to a riddle from which some of the wisest of mankind have recoiled baffled. Apart from anything else, any such answer must inevitably differ according as people differ in their interpretation of the significance of human life as a whole; and so can never satisfy everyone. But since the ultimate purpose and value of that art of appreciation which is my subject are involved in the issue, I feel impelled to offer you a few tentative and incomplete thoughts on the matter. Surely the answer is to be found in the fact that the soul is born instinctively desiring order, harmony, beauty, but finds herself in a world disorderly, dissonant, and in great part ugly. In consequence she is for ever unsatisfied.

The very best of our experience is not as good as our dreams: our most exquisite moments are flawed and fragmentary. And they are ephemeral. Even as we gaze the sunset fades, the apple blossom sheds itself and scatters. It is the peculiar virtue of art to present us with an image of perfection incarnate, to show us some aspect of earthly experience, circumstantial, concrete, and recognizable, yet mysteriously free from the imperfections which mar it in the real world. The fleeting is apparently arrested in mid-flight. "For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!" cries Keats ecstatically as he looks at the figures of the lovers graven on the Grecian Urn.

And even the ugly elements in life are made by the artist a means to beauty. Grief and horror, drabness and deformity — these are, as often as not, necessary strands in the web of enchantment which he weaves to take us captive. So that, when contemplating a work of art, our desire for perfection and our sense of reality are reconciled. We feel ourselves relieved, if only for a moment, from the wearisome burden of our daily dissatisfaction. For once we accept an experience unreservedly — and with joy. Further, our joy is deeper in proportion as we are induced to accept what we normally find unacceptable, in proportion as the vision, presented to us by the artist, includes aspects of life which in our everyday existence distress us. For then his achievement represents a more signal and extraordinary victory over the ills of our mortal condition. There is a greater spiritual triumph in accepting Cordelia's sufferings than in accepting Viola's happiness. Thus tragedy is the most profoundly exhilarating of all literary forms. For tragedy brings glory out of the very stuff of despair; in it we are made to face life at its most baffling and dreadful, and yet to see it as a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

THE ATLANTIC

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THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

AN American editor comes to London to see people; his only sight-seeing is the glimpses he catches from the window of his taxi bound for the publishing offices in Bedford Square or in Fleet Street. Instead of taking the river trip to Kew Gardens, or visiting the Daffodil Show at the Royal Horticultural Hall, or rejuvenating his mind at the Model Railway Club exhibition, with its 3000 models, including "live steamers on a passenger-carrying track" — three possibilities which are open to me as I write this — he spends his mornings dictating; takes his breakfast, his luncheon, his tea, and his cocktails with authors, established or potential; and devotes his evenings to reading manuscripts when he ought to be enjoying that rowdy new musical show *Knights of Madness*.

It sounds exacting, and it is. It is also pleasant and very stimulating — up to the day before his departure when the manuscripts of short stories, novels, and travel books (never have a people produced so many travel books as the British) have to be given their final decision and most of them a polite return.

You need a timetable for such an existence, and as I look back over mine for the past ten days, I remember the pleasure of lunching with Daniel Macmillan at the Garrick. I remember the delicious food and the delight to the eyes which were awaiting my wife and me when we lunched with Sir Osbert Sitwell, whose house in Carlyle Square is also a miniature resplendent museum of art. Personally, I'd rather take in a few paintings in a leisurely fashion than go roller skating past the acres of art in a great museum. In Sir Osbert's comfortable little sitting room with its long French windows one can revel in the glorious Tiepolo in oils hanging over the fireplace, then turn to the Brueghel *Judgment Day* with its infinite detail and sardonic humor. On the side wall hangs one of the

loveliest Raphaels in London; and of the drawings, the many, many drawings, I shall never forget Tiepolo's *Death of Punchinello* and Piper's exquisite wash drawings of Montegufoni.

I remember my friendly hours with Jock Murray, whose publishing offices in Albemarle Street are more historic and full of character than any others I have seen. The brass name-plate says simply MR. MURRAY, and as one climbs the sweeping stairs to enter the Directors' Room and Library, nothing seems to have changed since the days when Byron came here. The walls are covered with portraits of distinguished authors — Sir Walter Scott, Coleridge, Lockhart, Washington Irving, Disraeli, Charles Darwin — but Byron's is the spirit which predominates: you see him in bust and in portrait; you see his boots with the pathetic leaded lining for his game foot; you see his letters and accounts and the yard-long tress of Teresa's hair, still lustrous after more than a century.

I remember my first impressions of White's, where I had been taken by Philip Astley, and where the ghosts and legends of the past blend with the gay vitality of the present. I remember the wonderful good humor of my lunch with Stephen Potter at the Savile; his incomparable book, *Gamesmanship: The Art of Winning Games Without Actually Cheating*, has sold over 35,000 copies here, and he is now at work on a second volume, from which I have chosen two chapters for the *Atlantic*, one on Woomanship, the other on Conversationship.

I remember my leisurely, illuminating talks with my friend Dick Creswick, the University Librarian at Cambridge; with John Carter, the bibliophile who did such a brilliant job in tracking down the forgeries of Thomas Wise; and with John Hayward, the literary adviser to the London *Sunday Times*, and an editor who can be at once critical and encouraging.

Meantime I have been reading manuscripts. First *The Scarlet Sword*, H. E. Bates's new novel, which is laid in the Vale of Kashmir — a story of the violence which descends upon a tiny Catholic mission as the Pathans swoop down on the Hindus and whites who have gathered for sanctuary within its stucco walls: a story which has had its counterpart in fact. The book, of course, will not be published for some months either here or in America; yet it is so timely that I look forward to its appearance under our imprint.

Next came the rumor that John Masefield, the Poet Laureate, was at work on an account of his

experiences as a writing man, and after some scouting I heard his voice on long distance, and was given the assurance that the manuscript would be on its way to my London hotel.

Stephen Spender stopped by to leave with me the hundred manuscript pages of the autobiography which he has in progress, and from which I hope to draw some striking episodes for the *Atlantic*. And from Collins, the publishers, came the page proofs of Robert Henriques's new big novel, *Through the Valley*, a capacious, warmly-lit story of England before the war and after, which will be a Book Society choice for June, and which I shall review next month in these columns.

In London, as at home, the same forces and difficulties are to be felt in the world of letters. There has been a marked overproduction of books: last year Britain published a total of 17,034 titles, of which only 5000 were reprints. This is the largest number of English books ever to be printed in a single year, and far exceeds the number which we have produced for a population three times that of Britain.

I must add, alas, that many of these English books were printed in editions which have not found anything like the demand expected. Here there is not such a marked concentration on the best-sellers as handicaps American publishing. Actually, there are no lists of best-sellers published in England, but I notice that certain of the big newspapers — the *Evening Standard* and the *Daily Mail* — make much of the Book of the Month, and I am sure that a good deal of prestige and sales value is attached to Lord Kemsley's annual award of a thousand guineas made through the *Sunday Times* for the "most outstanding contribution to English literature."

The first award was conferred upon Sir Osbert Sitwell for *The Scarlet Tree*; last year it went to Winston Churchill for his history, and a subsidiary award was made to Alan Paton for his novel of South Africa, *Cry, the Beloved Country*. For the unestablished author, I think the best incentive is held out by the Somerset Maugham Awards, which enable a writer to live and write for a year away from England, and which thus far have signalized that remarkable collection of short stories, *Innocence*, by A. L. Barker, the novels by P. H. Newby, and the grim, powerful short stories by Nigel Kneale, who comes from the Isle of Man.

At the moment four volumes of nonfiction are being read here with steadily increasing interest: *Eastern Approaches* by Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean, a soldier-traveler whose audacity reminds me of T. E. Lawrence; *I Leap Over the Wall* by Monica Baldwin, a spirited, sincere account of a return to the world after twenty-eight years in a convent; Sir Kenneth Clark's perceptive book on landscape painting; and the admiring biography of Rommel by Desmond Young, which has sold 150,000 copies

and which reflects the undying interest of every British household in the North African campaign.

Thus far, I have found only one children's book which I wish I could bring back home with me for publication: it is *Captain Slaughterboard Drops Anchor* by Mervyn Peake — this story of a gay, disreputable pirate and how he was captivated by an endearing Yellow Creature makes irresistible reading-aloud for children from five to eight.

I have also had a number of very happy moments with *A Guide to the Use of English* by Sir Ernest Gowers, entitled *Plain Words*. It is a small pamphlet put out by His Majesty's Stationery Office, and has been reprinted ten times since April, 1948.

Like Sir Ernest I as an editor have had to deal with many kinds of English: United Nations English, punctilious and diplomatic; Psychiatrist English, which employs for the simplest thoughts the longest words; Sports Page English, which I relish and which Red Smith of the New York *Herald Tribune* writes better than anyone else; Professorial English, which can be very lugubrious; and Legal English, which is too often shop talk for a vested interest.

Sir Ernest Gowers has himself a good time prying into the elements, the correctness, and the absurdity of such idioms. Like the brothers Fowler and Ivor Brown, he brings sanity back to the use of words. He reminds us of Edward Lear's prayer to "the gods who keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads," and he adds, "Why do so many writers prefer pudder to simplicity? . . . Children show no signs of it." Here, for example, is the response of a child of ten to an invitation to write an essay (its genuineness is guaranteed) on a bird and a beast: —

"The bird that I am going to write about is the Owl. The Owl cannot see at all by day and at night is as blind as a bat.

"I do not know much about the Owl, so I will go on to the beast which I am going to choose. It is the Cow. The Cow is a mammal. It has six sides — right, left, an upper and below. At the back it has a tail on which hangs a brush. With this it sends the flies away so that they do not fall into the milk. The head is for the purpose of growing horns and so that the mouth can be somewhere. The horns are to butt with, and the mouth is to moo with. Under the cow hangs the milk. It is arranged for milking. When people milk, the milk comes and there is never an end to the supply. How the cow does it I have not yet realised, but it makes more and more. The cow has a fine sense of smell; one can smell it far away. This is the reason for the fresh air in the country.

"The man cow is called an ox. It is not a mammal. The cow does not eat much, but what it eats it eats twice, so that it gets enough. When it is hungry it moos, and when it says nothing it is because its inside is all full up with grass."

Gentlemen, let that be your model!



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★ It is a great temptation to say what kind of word **GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD** is to those who like the best in fiction. His new novel is called **THE HIGH PLACE**. It tells of an English Intelligence officer who returns to a lonely Syrian village after the war, and finds that its colony of European DP's is definitely up to no good. Here is all the lure, intrigue and passion of the East—a vivid, violent tale that reveals the author of *Rogue Male* at his best. *An Atlantic Monthly Press Book.* \$3.00

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★ And jot down this note (preferably in your copy of Marion Bacon's excellent memory-organizer *Mind Your Own Business*)—"On June 16th be sure to get **CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN'S** great new biography **JOHN ADAMS AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.**" *An Atlantic Monthly Press Book.* \$5.00

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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



THE third volume of Winston Churchill's great chronicle of the war is, if anything, more absorbing than its predecessors, for now the scale of the drama becomes global. *The Grand Alliance* (Houghton Mifflin, \$6.00) covers the tumultuous year 1941, climaxed by Pearl Harbor. Here, again, is a thrilling display of the qualities which make Churchill so incomparable a narrator of the history he has helped to shape: the bold and illuminating candor and vastly stirring sense of the high drama of the times; the measured judgment of men and events; the genius for compact summation and for eloquent recording of the historic moment — moments such as Churchill's meeting with Roosevelt at Placentia Bay or his reaction to the news of Pearl Harbor.

Even the reader steeped in memoirs of the war will find in these pages an abundance of fascinating disclosures. Perhaps the most remarkable is Churchill's revelation of how abysmally unrealistic the "realistic" Russians were vis-à-vis Germany. Not only did Stalin's Intelligence apparently fail to report German preparations for invading Russia, well known to the British for several months, but Stalin crassly disregarded Churchill's repeated warnings and actually speeded up deliveries of rubber to Germany during the week preceding the attack.

Churchill now lays before us the momentous exchanges between himself and Roosevelt during the period in which U.S. policy moved toward all-out aid to Britain "short of war." He points out, with sardonic pleasure, that, notwithstanding "all the tales of my reactionary Old-World outlook," it was he who wrote the first draft of the Atlantic Charter (Welles and Sherwood have reported this, but with less emphasis on Churchill's authorship). The Prime Minister's memoir is packed with intriguing footnotes to the main events. Among these is the revelation that Churchill, during his return from America in January, 1942, narrowly missed getting killed. The flying boat in which he was traveling lost its bearings in misty weather, found them just in time to turn north before running into the German batteries at Brest, and then approached England from the enemy's direction. Churchill later discovered that "six Hurricanes from Fighter Command were ordered out to shoot us down. However, they failed in their mission."

The Grand Alliance sheds a good deal of light on the much disputed question of Churchill's caliber as a strategist. As in the preceding volumes, his "directives, telegrams, and minutes on the daily conduct of the war" form the main thread of the narrative. Today's reader, fortified by hindsight, can see clearly from these documents that Churchill — granted, as he says, that war is "mainly a catalogue of blunders" — displayed on the whole remarkably sound military judgment and often flashes of genius. The Prime Minister was more sanguine than his generals as to Russia's prospects, and more prescient than the U.S. military experts who told him, in 1941, that Britain should not strain to defend the Middle East. It was Churchill's decisiveness which led to the quick defeat of Rashid Ali's pro-Nazi revolt in Iraq — Wavell was against diverting forces to this area — and there are several other instances of daring and successful strokes of which Churchill was the prime mover.

Further evidence of his military competence ranges from a paper on the use of artillery, which foreshadowed the tactics that later routed Rommel at El Alamein, to four papers on Anglo-American grand strategy, written during a brief rest in Florida, which closely coincided with the plans of the Joint Chiefs of Staff — the actual plans that led to victory.

One piece of grim humor in this book struck me as belonging among Churchill's more memorable sayings. When the Prime Minister announced his decision to give all-out aid to Russia, his private secretary asked whether, for an arch-anti-Communist, this was not compacting with the Devil. Churchill replied, "If Hitler invaded Hell, I would make at least a favorable reference to the Devil in the House of Commons."

The twentieth-century American

As might have been expected at mid-century, historians and commentators have been taking a long, hard look at the shape of things gone by. Close on the heels of Henry Steele Commager's *The American Mind*, a history of the evolution of American thought and character since the 1880s, there now comes Gerald Johnson's account of "The Odyssey of the Average American in the last half-century" — *Incredible Tale* (Harper, \$3.50), a Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

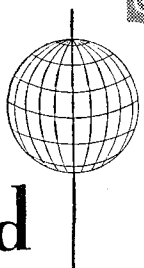
As in the case of Professor Commager's generalizations about "the American mind," it could be objected that Mr. Johnson's statements about "the Average American" are sometimes distinctly arbitrary; but then a certain amount of license in the use of such abstractions seems to me preferable to smothering the argument in continual qualifications. The main point, anyhow, is that Mr. Johnson — one of the most seasoned observers of the American scene, and the possessor of a style endowed with singular pungency and verve — has



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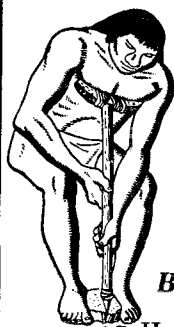
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turned out a lively, engaging, and salutary book.

Incredible Tale is an exhilarating counterblast to the several post-war books (a few of them best-sellers) whose theme song has been that Roosevelt led the United States to rack and ruin; and that as a democracy we are, if not dead, certainly moribund. Johnson finds these strictures of the Wailing Crew ludicrous and shameful. He is of the firm opinion that this nation has come through two world wars and a harrowing economic crisis rather creditably — that is, with its liberties unimpaired, its durability confirmed, and its sense of responsibility heightened.

Johnson's chronicle focuses on the impact made on the Average American by the era's political giants, especially by Wilson, Lenin, Roosevelt, and Stalin. In this twentieth-century "Odyssey," political immaturity — "that fruitful mother of every kind of bigotry" — is the Circe who changes decent Americans into swinish citizens; and Woodrow Wilson is seen as a "stern realist" who tried to steer his parochial countrymen toward political maturity. He failed, because "the Common American was still a simpleton," ready to let himself be "robbed . . . betrayed . . . debauched." But there had been a moment of vision; Roosevelt vastly enlarged it; and the second post-war era found Americans unwilling to tolerate a repetition of the "'back-to-normalcy' degradation." Stalin too has given us a push along the road to maturity; the cold war has forced us to think rationally and act vigorously in international politics.

Incredible Tale retraces an oft-told story from a familiar viewpoint. Its animating principle is that this country's strength is not its system but the spirit that built that system; and Johnson's conclusion is that this spirit has shown sufficient staying power to justify at least a shred of optimism. These are, of course, commonplaces; and the measure of the book's vitality is that they emerge as vital, strongly projected truths.

The well-tempered critic

Gerald Johnson's history clearly seeks, among other things, to loosen up the thinking of doctrinaire conservatives and recall them to a sense of the variousness and possibility inherent in the American tradition of government "for the people." In *The Liberal Imagination* (Viking,

\$3.50), Lionel Trilling undertakes a closely related enterprise in a very different sector. Trilling's new book of literary essays seeks to loosen up the thinking of liberal intellectuals and recall them to a sense of the variousness and possibility inherent in the idea of liberalism.

Mr. Trilling is outstanding, in the higher ranks of criticism, for his freedom from pedantry and his alertness to the intimate connection between the world of literature and life itself. Working with the insights of a flexible, undoctrinaire modernism, he has shown himself to be a resolute and perceptive researcher into the problems of the moral life.

The present group of essays have as their point of departure the paradox that liberalism, though it is our dominant cultural tradition, has for long betrayed a growing cultural aridity. The liberal ideology, says Mr. Trilling, has been "at best a matter of indifference" to the writers whom serious criticism has designated as the greatest figures of our time. It has produced "a literature of piety" — commercially successful but having "neither imagination nor mind." Too rigorous a critic to allow the shallow separation of content and form, Trilling concludes that the deficiencies of this literature reflect a flaccidity and corruption in the liberal imagination. His book, then, is more than a critic's collection of his recent papers: it is, in effect, a searching critique of contemporary liberalism by an unwavering liberal.

The table of contents, to be sure, attests more to the variety of the author's interests than to any unity of purpose. We have essays ranging from Tacitus to Kipling; from Parrrington to Henry James and Scott Fitzgerald; from "Art and Neurosis" to sex and Dr. Kinsey. But from these seemingly scattered explorations, there emerges a clear and unified statement of what ails the liberal imagination. It is, to hazard a capsule summary, that liberalism has not seen life whole; has not seen that man lives by poetry as well as bread-and-reason. This narrowness of outlook could not be better exemplified, according to Trilling, than in the Kinsey Report. Typically liberal in its transparent desire to promote the Good Sex Life, it takes a "nothing-but" view of sex in which "good" is synonymous with "frequent."

In the interests of its vision of a better life, liberalism tends, says

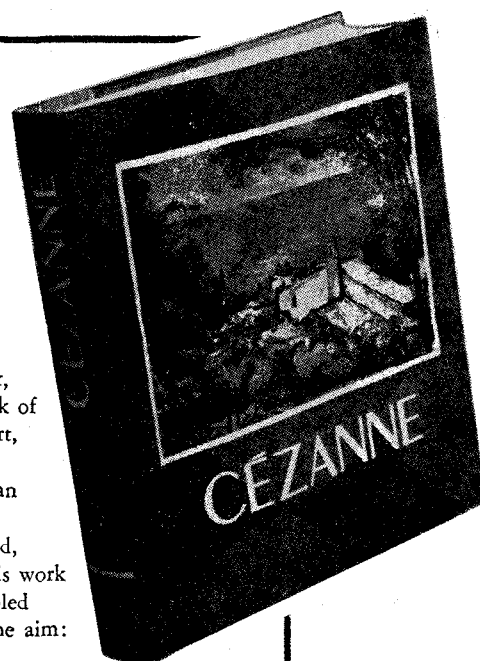
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Trilling, "to select the emotions and qualities susceptible of organization." It thereby drifts toward "a denial of the emotions and the imagination"; toward an unbridled and oversimplifying rationalism, hostile to every sort of complexity. Opposing "reality" and "mind," liberalism has seen crude experience as somehow "virtuous" and intellect as suspect. Liberal critics have piously sentimentalized clumsiness (in Dreiser's case) and "honest stupidity," and have turned censorious when confronted with the subtle and disturbing talent of a Henry James. Liberalism, in effect, has turned its back on its true self — its original essence was adventure — and has become in practice a credo that plays safe.

This critique furnishes its own answer, explicitly elaborated in some of the essays. To the fatuous optimism of the doctrinaire progressive, Trilling opposes the deep truth of James's moral imagination, with its awareness of disaster, and the tough psychology of Freud, which invites a more complex estimate of human motives than liberalism has made. Trilling, in sum, asks of liberalism that it pay its neglected dues to the irrational, and realize that the moral life has dangers against which progressive formulas are not a shield.

I found these essays so rewarding, and I so greatly admire the whole bent of Trilling's work, that it is disagreeable to have to register a brace of complaints. Trilling repeatedly makes statements which betray that he is thinking of a small segment of the U.S. intelligentsia but which are certainly not phrased accordingly; for instance, the incredible assertion that nationalism "has become doubtful and debilitated." This noticeable group-centeredness of Trilling's is surely akin to liberalism's narrowness of outlook. There is, too, a certain lack of color in Trilling's prose which, considering his otherwise fine command of ways and means, suggests that he still, perhaps unconsciously, shares the liberal's overvaluation of utility at the expense of grace.

It would be misleading to end on a querulous note. *The Liberal Imagination* is the very worth-while product of a first-rate critical intelligence, exceptionally in tune with the urgencies of our time.

The mystical imagination

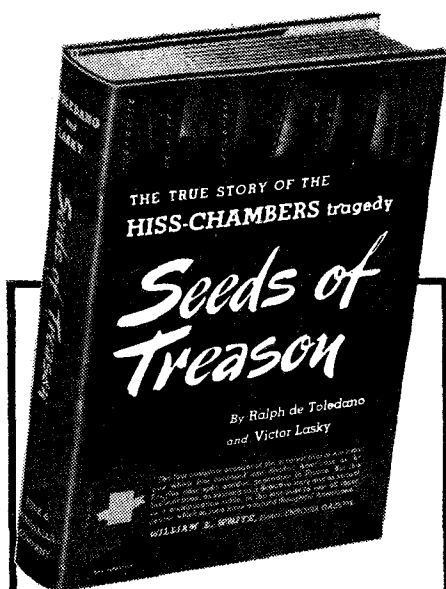
Another notable book of essays cemented by unity of purpose comes

to us from **Aldous Huxley**, and here, in *Themes and Variations* (Harper, \$3.50), it is the mystical imagination which furnishes the binding values. Huxley's chief point of focus is the relation of the individual to history. The opening essay is a lengthy study of the nineteenth-century French philosopher, Maine de Biran, whose *Journal Intime* Huxley considers "one of the classics of the inner life." The other pieces deal with "Art and Religion" and the Death-theme in Baroque sculpture; with El Greco, Piranesi, and Goya; and with "The Double Crisis" of our era — the basic crisis of overpopulation and soil erosion which, Huxley believes, underlies the "upper level" political crisis.

It is no accident, he says, that the twentieth century is one of centralized government and aggressive nationalism; it had to be, for the reason that it is the century of planetary overcrowding and — not poverty in the midst of plenty — "poverty in the midst of growing poverty," growing exhaustion of the world's resources. In this concluding essay, Huxley carries forward the enterprise which has been conspicuous in his nonfiction since *Ends and Means*: to demonstrate that, from the spiritual outlook which he has called (after Leibnitz) "the perennial philosophy," there follow practical ideas highly pertinent to the problems that beset us.

Themes and Variations is not a book for the uncompromising rationalist. But at a time when a liberal such as Trilling takes Reason down a peg, and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., tips his hat to the "crisis theology" of Barth, it can be said — with less extravagance than when a Tory Premier told Victorian England, "We are all Socialists now" — that to some degree (not, of course, Huxley's) "we are all mystics now." The tough-minded Arthur Koestler, stressing the connection between salvation-by-reform and Commissar psychology, has paid his solemn respects to the insights of "The Yogi"; and David Lilienthal's *This I Do Believe* reflects Huxley's long-standing conviction that bigness in government and industry is reducing human life to "thing-hood." The charges of "escapism" leveled at Huxley since his change of outlook in the mid-thirties are beginning to look rather hollow.

There is, however, a reverse side to this picture. Some of Huxley's ideas may now be current in enlightened



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quarters, but there is every indication that the world is moving toward the horrors of *Ape and Essence* or, at best, the death-without-tears of *Brave New World*. And in this connection, I see some contradiction in Huxley's thinking. He has firmly reiterated that man, without knowledge of the divine essence, cannot fail to conduct himself like a destructive ape. On the other hand, we find Huxley arguing that it is not utopian to advocate a world-wide alliance in support of soil conservation and population control, and to hope that such a program would find its way to "the top of the agenda of every international conference." This is as utopian, it seems to me, as for any of us to hope that the N.A.M. will take to heart Huxley's warning: "In more than moderate doses, efficiency is incompatible with humanity."

A good part of *Themes and Variations* concerns itself with probings into the nature of soul and spirit, which carry over into extrasensory perception and the phenomena of trance—a region in which I am a rather bemused alien. The essays on art bring fully into play Huxley's unrivaled erudition and intellectual virtuosity, but not, to any marked extent, his wit. I couldn't help regretting the rarity of such Huxleyan touches as the remark that the Baroque artist Canova, voluptuously obsessed with death, endowed his mortuary statue of the last Stuart with "the most delicious buttocks in the whole repository of art."

Fifty years a queen

Two scholarly historians have stolen a spectacular march on the historical novelists, and thereby hangs a remarkable coincidence. After long years of research, Amy Kelly, a former Professor at Wellesley, and Curtis Howe Walker, Professor Emeritus at Vanderbilt, have each brought out—almost simultaneously, and both from University Presses—a biography of a strangely neglected lady whose life is made to order for the Cecil B. De Mille school of fiction; and, no less, for Cecil B. De Mille.

This ideal heroine, who lived in the turbulent and picturesque twelfth century, was in a sense the first prodigiously successful career girl of the Western world. Beautiful, passionate, very gifted and ambitious, she married two kings, Louis VII of France and Henry II of England, and was the mother of two more, Richard

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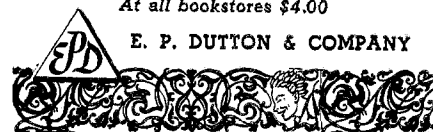
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Cocour de Lion and John Lackland. She traveled on the First Crusade; later had a hand in shaping wartime strategy; and in her eighties she directed the defense of a beleaguered castle. Her name was, of course, Eleanor of Aquitaine.

The two biographies now offered us are extremely distinguished productions, which should please those readers who like a vivid page of history written with impressive scholarship. Amy Kelly's *Eleanor of Aquitaine and the Four Kings* (Harvard University Press, \$5.00) is a good deal longer and somewhat more austere than Curtis Walker's *Eleanor of Aquitaine* (University of North Carolina Press, \$5.00). The former is as much a detailed history of the period as a life story of the Queen, and for this reason it will offer rather more, I imagine, to the historian, but the general reader may regret Eleanor's long absences from the stage. Professor Walker's biography is a far more personalized account.

Eleanor, Duchess of Aquitaine, married the very devout Louis VII when she was fifteen. On the way to the Holy Land eleven years later, she came to the decision that Louis was an unexciting husband, and the Pilgrimage was shocked to learn that she had asked him to agree to an annulment; which, despite his opposition, she eventually wangled from the Church. Shortly afterward, she set out to capture the dashing young Henry Plantagenet. Her success was instantaneous, and two years later she was Queen of England.

For nearly two decades, Eleanor was Henry's close adviser. When the martyrdom of Thomas à Becket sparked baronial uprisings on both sides of the Channel, the Queen joined her two embattled sons in France — Henry's continual infidelities had long since lost him her loyalty. War then ensued between father and sons, and Eleanor was captured and imprisoned by her husband for nine years. After his death, she ruled England while Richard was on the Third Crusade, and when John first came to the throne he leaned heavily on her guidance. She remained actively involved in the struggles of her time right up to her death at the age of eighty-two.

Culturally, Eleanor's influence was immense. It was largely through her that the complex codes of chivalry and courtly love became embedded in

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the mores of the period. She encouraged the illumination of manuscripts and the development of French liturgical music, and was a generous patron of the troubadours and the trouvères. Her life story brings before us the entire cultural panorama of the medieval world.

Conquerors and conquered

Jan Valtin, whose sensational personal history, *Out of the Night*, has sold a million copies in various languages since it appeared nine years ago, has now written a novel about occupied Germany which has something of the same shock quality. Set in the U.S. zone in 1946, *Wintertime* (Rinehart, \$3.50) unfolds an appalling picture of sullen, conscienceless Germans struggling to keep alive in the face of ghastly privation; and of well-meaning but hopelessly bumbling Americans, naïve, self-righteous, and luxuriating in plenty. In this nightmare landscape, rustling with resurgent Nazism and overhung by the Russian menace, the focal point of life is the Black Market. Confusion is the norm and lawlessness routine.

Wintertime is a novel of contemporary history with the plot of a super-thriller — a tale of hunted lovers. The hero — a decent German, one of the few — is a tugboat captain, Martin Helm, who together with a displaced Latvian girl, Lisa, is struggling to wrest some semblance of a normal existence out of monstrous abnormality. But Lisa is wanted by the Russians; and Helm finds himself caught up in a desperate game of hide-and-seek, which Valtin punctuates with flashbacks into Lisa's unspeakable wartime experiences. The story is climaxed by a chase at sea which cries out to be screened by Alfred Hitchcock.

It seems to me quite a drawback that the book's documentary elements, crucial to a novel of this kind, are distinctly out of date. The present situation in Germany is sufficiently different from the context in which Valtin dramatizes the German problem for a good deal of the discussion to appear a dead issue.

As a work of fiction, *Wintertime* obviously comes nowhere near the upper bracket. There is no question, however, but that Valtin has a strong narrative gift. His tempo is fast, and he generates a rising current of excitement. Though his book is over-colored, it has a good deal of crude vitality.



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THE WORLD OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN by W. A. Darlington. Crowell, \$3.50.

From the day, now more than seventy years ago, when the first Gilbert and Sullivan composition was played in London, there has hardly been a time when a D'Oyly Carte Company has not been playing one or other of the operas. Mr. Darlington, a London drama critic, believes that contemporary audiences miss a good deal of the humor and would be better off generally with an explanation of the librettos. The trouble with explanations of this kind is that they are pleasurable only to the *aficionado* who doesn't need them; to those who could profit by them they are apt to be rather dreary. The best thing about Darlington's book is the chapters on Gilbert and Sullivan themselves, a fascinating team.

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A volume on Chagall with notes by the artist is the latest addition to this attractive series of inexpensive art books, which now includes Klee, Blake, Manet, Cézanne, van Gogh, Degas, Botticelli, Sienese Paintings, and several others. Each book contains ten or more illustrations — all in color — and an accompanying commentary. The reproductions are remarkably good for the low price.

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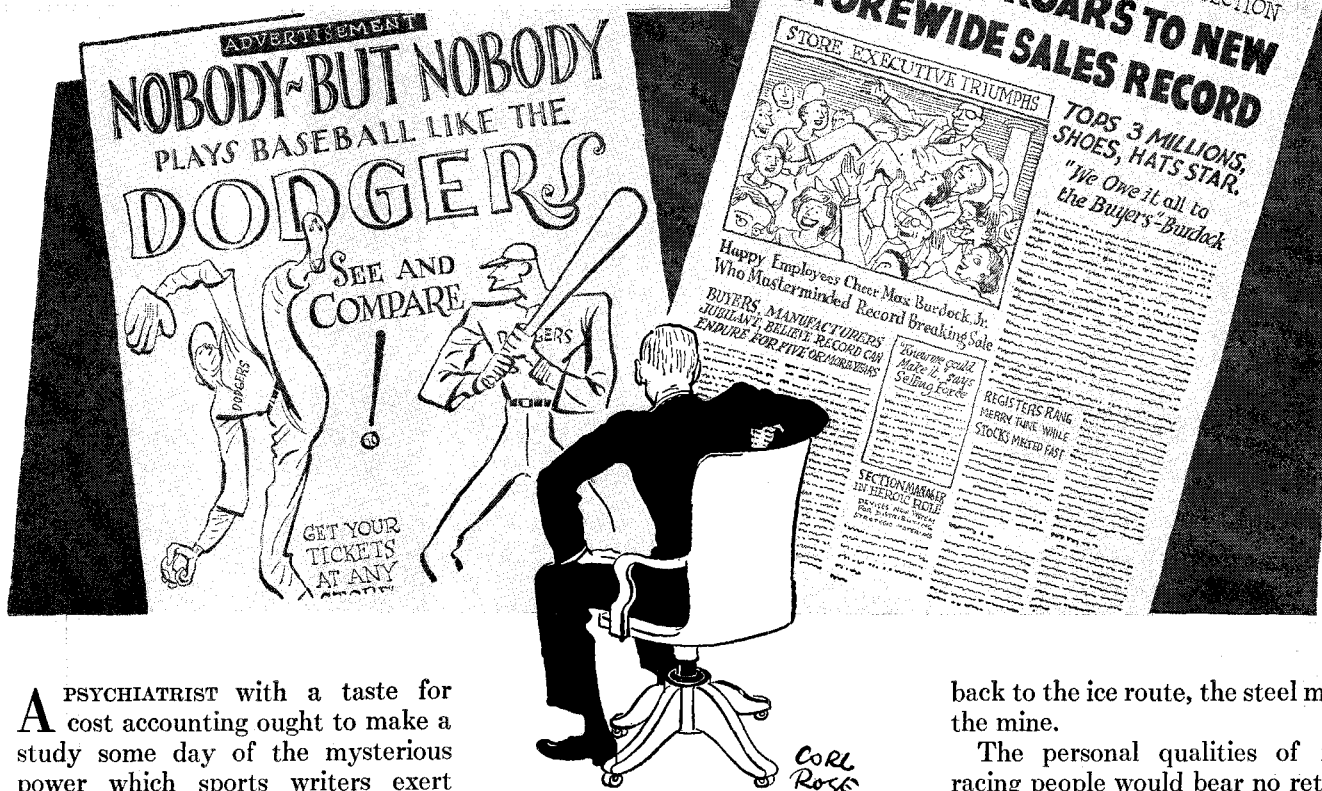
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ACCENT ON LIVING



A PSYCHIATRIST with a taste for a cost accounting ought to make a study some day of the mysterious power which sports writers exert over newspaper publishers. It would be a rich haul. Sports writers, by and large, are not only what is the matter with the press; they are very nearly what is the matter with the United States. Yet the newspaper publisher maintains them fondly, content if he gets a World's Series box or midfield football seats or a clubhouse pass at the dog track for his share of the arrangement.

That huge revenues are thereby eluding his usually able grasp doesn't seem to enter the publisher's head. He has a keen understanding of how his paper shall deal commercially with such a commercial undertaking as a department store; but his wits forsake him when it comes to dealing with equally commercial undertakings like college football, horse and dog racing, baseball, boxing and wrestling, and the sundry gambling industries residing in these sports. His sports editor has charge of these dealings. The publisher merely provides the sports editor with all facilities for endowing these other commercialists with the maximum of publicity, presumably without charge.

THIS MONTH

What is this singular hold of the sports writer over the publisher? Could it be the fascination of what he writes, the intrinsic content? Well, what does he write — or rather, what can he write?

Personalities? The personality of a major league ballplayer, for instance, will yield a rather limited amount of material: in the summer he plays ball; in the fall he makes a short barnstorming tour, followed by a hunting trip; in the winter he peddles insurance, or runs a filling station, or farms, according to his presentability off the diamond. He may prefer Horseshoe to Mechanic's Scrap as chewing tobacco. When he gets too old to play ball, he becomes a coach or an umpire or settles down on the farm for aye.

College football players are even less complex. No one, not even the sports writer, cares what they do in the off season, when, it is believed, most of them leave college and go

back to the ice route, the steel mill, or the mine.

The personal qualities of many racing people would bear no retailing whatever, and there is not a great deal that could be put through the mails about the private lives of wrestlers and fighters.

Sports personalities being what they are, the sports writer must fall back on the exhibitions themselves to fill his columns. But here again are matters which a racing chart, box score, or statistics of the game can summarize crisply. "Weather clear, track fast" manages to say the same thing that the byline writer distends into a couple of sticks about Old Sol's victory over J. Pluvius.

It can hardly be the writing style of the sports page that hypnotizes the publisher. Any writer who avoids plain English verbs like win, lose, hit, miss, run, catch, and throw can be a sports writer on learning the handful of tired synonyms devised by the craft.

The word-of-all-work just now is "roar." A golfer roared to victory, a horse roared to a new track record, a basketball quintet roared from behind to take the lead, a pitcher roared through seven hitless innings,

ball carriers roared at will through great gaps in State's line — roared around the ends, too.

The net of the sports section is thus an unceasingly windy overstatement of big-money "sports" events, with most of the space given over to advance publicity. The chief beneficiaries are of course the promoters.

It would be interesting to compare the space which metropolitan papers accord college wrestling, one of the few surviving sports carried on by unpaid athletes, with what the professional plug-uglies get for their pretended contests. But college wrestling excludes foul tactics, while every sports editor has educated his readers to expect something more "colorful" than sissies who obey the rules of the game. Umpire-

baiters, willing to rough it up, are a box-office asset to any baseball team; if one of them is sufficiently nasty to be a minor spectacle in his own right, the sports editor will dub him the "spark plug" of the team.

The publisher may have a theory of "reader interest" in allowing his sports page to give away newspaper space so generously. Yet Burdock's department store deals with more people than baseball does. The dealings involve just as much money as baseball takes in. Burdock's upper-income executives earn just as much money as upper-income ballplayers. The tantrums of Miss Doppelgänger, director of Burdock's Paris Shoppe, would make as sprightly copy as anything thought up by even the sulkiest left-hander. And for ferocious competition, what could ex-

ceed Burdock's perpetual death struggle with Hayshaker's, farther on down the street? Who actually did win the big one-cent sale of mink capes? What was the final score?

Yet Burdock's goes along, meanwhile, paying the publisher in hard cash for display space. By bullying the paper's advertising department into needling the city editor, it may get a stray plug into print at long intervals: "Burdock Floorwalker Gets 50-Year Button," "500 Burdock Employees at Annual Outing," or "Burdock Opens Branch in Nirvana Heights." This is flabby fare indeed. If Burdock were bright, he'd hold one last big closing-out sale and start a dog track. If the publisher were equally bright, he would cut the paper in on a percentage of the take.

CHARLES W. MORTON

LONDON RESTAURANTS

by GILES PLAYFAIR

GILES PLAYFAIR, who divides his time between England and the United States, is the author of a biography of Edmund Kean and of *Singapore Goes Off the Air*, an account of his war experiences as production director of the Malaya Broadcasting Corporation.

IF, as I have no reason whatever to suspect, I am appointed chairman of the British Tourist and Holidays Board, I shall immediately advertise London as an attractive place for the gourmet and even the glutton to visit. I shall be permitting myself a mild publicist's license — no more.

True, the extraordinarily bad restaurants for which London has long been famous are outdoing themselves at present, while the few places which were regarded before the war as exceptional are not, on the whole, providing much contrast.

The British Tourist and Holidays Board blames this situation on the rationing regulations; and though it is the Government's own creature, it has begged in vain for them to be relaxed. As things stand, size of custom, not pretensions to quality, determines what small quota of rationed foods a restaurant may lawfully buy.

Further, no public eating place may serve a meal that exceeds five shillings in price or consists of more

than one main dish (for example, meat, fish, or egg entree) and two subsidiary dishes (such as soup and cheese). Though places with heavy overheads are permitted to levy an approved supplementary house charge, this is usually insufficient to bring their prices up to the pre-war level when costs were considerably lower. On the other hand, these



prices seem excessive for the standard fare provided.

The purpose of the regulations, when they were introduced near the beginning of the war, was to reduce the disparity between the highest-class establishments and the lowest. Despite the fact that the latter have gratefully seized the opportunity to sink lower still, this purpose has

largely been achieved. In principle, a restaurant which levies a six-shilling house charge can afford to be more lavish with unrationed foods, such as fish and poultry, than a restaurant which levies no house charge at all. But, since the supply of rationed foods to which each is entitled is proportionately the same, the wisplike pat of butter, the lonely lump of sugar, and the scarce and indeterminate meat are liable to be equally characteristic of both.

Nevertheless, I know from experience that most visitors to London make eating a needlessly painful ordeal for themselves through their failure to explore. Something of a mushroom growth of new ones has occurred in the past few years. Simultaneously, competition has sharpened and respect for controls has dwindled. As a result, certain places are a good deal better than they should be, and their number is on the increase.

These are the places to make for. But the difficulty is to find them, for the British Tourist and Holidays Board is either unaware of their existence or else is disinclined to boast about them. At any rate, it leaves them unlisted in its travel guides.

They are not confined to the West End. A district like Kensington, which before the war was a gastronomic center of nothing but popu-

lar cafés (now transformed into horrible imitations of the American cafeteria) and genteel tearooms, today has its several restaurants, and a search among them, though admittedly hazardous, may well prove rewarding.

Indeed, London's own undespairing *bons viveurs* can be tempted almost any distance by the prospect of some new relief from the starchy monotony of their everyday diet. Recently, for instance, a public house in the rough East End dock area, called the Prospect of Whitby, has become the object of a nightly trek. The fashionable people who take part in this — and Princess Margaret Rose has been of their number — may find a certain picaresque appeal in the bar of the Prospect of Whitby, which is crowded with local custom and loud with the playing of zithers and mandolins. But the real attraction is the upstairs dining room, overlooking the river, where steak can be had as the main course of a five-shilling dinner.

The Colombe d'Or in Barter Street (Soho) serves excellent Italian food, cooked to order, for no more than the legal price. Ling Manis in Gerard Street (Soho) has rather the appearance of a barn and, like a barn, is for some reason nearly always empty. But its menu is as comprehensive as any I have known in a Chinese restaurant west of the Far East, and the price of a meal, if three or four partake of it, will probably work out at less than five shillings a head.

I might also include in this cheap category Wheelers in Old Compton Street (Soho) and the George and Dragon in the Fulham Road (South Kensington), though they are a bit costlier than the other places I have mentioned. Wheelers serves cold food only, but is particularly good for shellfish. I should add that oysters, in common with liquid refreshment of any kind, do not, legally speaking, constitute part of a meal, so that an extra charge may be made for them.

The George and Dragon is not, as its name would indicate, an old established pub, but a brand-new, glass-fronted restaurant, which levies an authorized one-shilling house charge and specializes in wines at comparatively reasonable prices. A



large pot of butter is displayed on each candlelit table, and also a supply of cigarettes. The latter is, in my experience, a unique restaurant service and must surely be so in Britain, where cigarettes are at a premium. The set dinner at the George and Dragon usually features *Wiener Schnitzel*, an extreme rarity.

Some pirate restaurants violate the price limitation more or less openly, on the apparently justified theory that they are too insignificant to attract unwelcome visitors from the Ministry of Food. One such occupies two floors of a converted dwelling in Wright's Lane off the Kensington High Street. Here prices are unashamedly à la carte, and the menu includes fresh egg omelets for approximately three shillings and sixpence, and two or three different roasts for approximately a shilling more. A satisfying three-course meal costs about ten shillings.

The most expensive places, however, refrain from violating the price rule, except at the request of favored customers, for whom they can produce virtually any dish required. Instead, they dodge its effect lawfully by charging such astronomic prices for drinks and other extras — as, for example, the alcohol used in the preparation of a dish like *crêpes Suzette* — that they can absorb a loss on the meals.

Of these places, I would name the Caprice in Arlington Street (Piccadilly), which was opened about two years ago and is held in particularly high regard by members of the theatrical profession. It has a first-class cuisine by any standard, and its advertised menu offers a wide choice of the richer types of food (for example, game) for a fixed price of five shillings plus a four-shilling house charge.

I would also mention the Moulin d'Or in Romilly Street (Soho). Here the house charge is only one shilling and sixpence, and the range of menu items is smaller than at the Caprice, but an enjoyable meal can always be relied on.

At both of these restaurants it is essential to book a table in advance, and it is advisable, if a second visit is contemplated, to spend fairly generously on extras the first time.

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TARDY SPRING

by OLIVER ST. JOHN COGARTY

I HAD a date with Spring.
 She put me to the test
 By wayward loitering
 Then turning up half dressed:
 A little smock she wore
 Of pink and white peach blossom,
 A smock that did far more
 To show than hide her bosom.
 The way she wore it on
 Her barely curving belly
 You'd think she had been drawn
 By Sandro Botticelli.
 And, oh, her rippling hair!
 Her hair was long and yellow;
 It lightened all the air
 As doth the early willow.
 I thought, with much surprise,
 She looks so young and wildish,
 With April in her eyes
 And gangling limbs still childish,
 She never meant to meet
 In time for us to marry;
 And that delayed her feet,
 And that's what made her tarry.
 She smiled and said, "I'm here.
 I kept the time we dated.
 Now is there anywhere
 To go to and be mated?"
 I said, "In brain and tongue
 Of yours not yet has sap lain.
 Who'd marry one so young
 Unless he were a chaplain?"
 She shook her upraised arm,
 And up her smock of pink went,
 I saw, for all her charm,
 A juvenile delinquent.
 She said, "You are too brash
 To meet and scorn a lady:
 You old, white-headed trash!
 You old cane-sugar daddy!
 Supposing I am slow
 In coming into action,
 You cannot say that snow
 To Spring is an attraction.
 I have another date."
 She swished her scanty habit.
 But she will pullulate
 When I am old and crabbed.
 I did not try to match
 Her words, but muttered, "*Pardiel*"
 When snow is on the thatch
 No wonder Spring is tardy.



A DUSE AMONG DOUGHNUTS

by LORNA SLOCOMBE

LORNA SLOCOMBE runs her own business, a typing agency, in Harvard Square, Cambridge. Her work has appeared in these pages on several previous occasions.

IT could happen to you, too, if you're one of those people who chorus, "Oh yes, let's!" when some dynamic soul comes up with an idea. "Let's hire a cabin in the middle of winter and go skiing!" "Let's all go to Indo-China in 1953." You're sitting safely in a nice warm room and it all seems very remote. You chirp agreeably that it sounds wonderful, you'd love to. But watch out. That's how I got on a television show.

"How'd you like to be on my show next week?" Burt asked in a deceptively casual voice. "Just walk on and buy a loaf of bread, for the commercial."

"Oh I'd love to," said I, in the seclusion of the living room and the safety of this week. "It sounds wonderful." After all, I'd been in college plays. And this sounded easy enough — just walk on and buy bread. I'd bought enough bread in my time. Nothing to it. And it would be exhilarating to feel myself truly a part of the television age.

"Come up to the station for the dry rehearsal," said Burt. "Next Monday."

"The dry rehearsal," I said. "Sure, sure. I'll be there."

On Monday I walked into the radio station feeling for the first time qualms of doubt about the whole thing. "Where's Mr. Kelsey rehearsing his television show?" I asked the man at the desk.

"Right in there," he said.

I walked to the door and looked at a sign: KEEP OUT.

"Go right in," the man insisted.

"All right," I said, and went on in. My friend Burt, who at home sits

quietly in a chair with a glass of ale, was now transformed. He was waving his arms around, leaping in and out of the control booth, and telling people what to do. I should have liked to settle down in a quiet corner, but there was no place that looked safe. Every inch of the studio bristled with equipment, plugs, wires, sockets, cables.

Burt came zooming past and saw me. "Hi, darling. Now here's what you do. You're to come over here, and come in the door, and ask for a loaf of bread."

"Make it two," said the man from the advertising agency.

"Yes, yes," I said. "Two loaves of bread." I was trying to summon up a fraction of the aplomb being displayed by the stars of the show: fourteen-year-old Emilie Marie and seventeen-year-old Bill. The guest star was sixteen-year-old Don. Veteran troupers, all. "Where's the door I come in?" I asked. [Laughter.]

"The door'll be here Wednesday at the juiced rehearsal," Burt explained kindly. "Be sure to close it after you."

I walked in through where the door would be Wednesday, trying to look glamorous.

"You're the mother of five children," Burt shouted. "Say that you've got to make the kids a lot of sandwiches."

"We're pushing doughnuts this



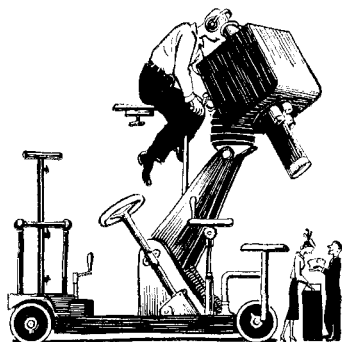
week," said the man from the agency. And he added to Ken, the announcer, "Say something about doughnuts."

Ken stood before me and looked at me earnestly. "Wonderful handmade, lace-edged doughnuts," he said. "The kind Grandma used to make when they could keep her home from the saloon. If you have a hole in your head, you'll like the hole in these doughnuts."

"When he's through the commercial," called Burt, "take the two loaves of bread and a dozen doughnuts and go out. That's fine. That's all there is to it."

Between Monday and Wednesday I told everyone I was going to be on television, and they all looked dubious. They warned me about the heat of the lights. They assured me I would have to wear special make-up with blue lipstick. They told me the television camera added twenty pounds.

With my confidence thus bolstered, I went to the rehearsal on Wednesday before the show. The lights were on (they weren't bad at all). On a turntable in a corner of the studio



a dozen doughnuts rested in state, turning slowly. And those doughnuts revolved relentlessly through the rest of the proceedings. There were two men manning the cameras. There were three men waving wandlike microphones over our heads. Everyone seemed to be wearing earphones. The set was up — a country store — and there was my door to come in.

I found Tony, the producer, and Burt, and two cameramen, all looking at me. "Now, your scene," said Burt. "While Ken tells you about the doughnuts, you stand right here." He made a large chalk mark X on the floor. I was wondering how I could find the X without looking down. Ken, now becomingly attired as a bread delivery man, had his commercial stashed away in the bread carrier, and read it adeptly. I was worrying so about the chalk mark, the door, holding in my stomach, and remembering my two lines, that I found it difficult to look interested in the doughnuts. "A real taste treat," Ken finished. That was my cue. I made my little speech and went out.

"All right, everybody, take it again from the top," called Tony, and we went through it all again. I was very nervous. Emilie Marie and Bill sang their duet from *South Pacific* without a quaver, and Don played five sizes of harmonica — all with the greatest of ease — while I sat behind the set, going over and over my lines. "I'd like a loaf of bread." No. "I'd like two loaves of bread."

The show was to go on the air at seven, and we were told to assemble

back in the studio at five minutes of. "Where's the make-up?" I asked shyly. Everyone looked blank. Nobody wore any, it seemed, except Emilie Marie, and she just used a dash of powder. And here I was. I had put my face on at 7 A.M. and I'd had a tough day at the office. Nothing for it but to appear on television, in thousands of homes and cocktail lounges, just as I was. I felt it was most important to get real feeling into my role.

By ten minutes of seven I was sitting in my corner behind the set, biting my nails. By five minutes of, everyone had assembled but Don. He appeared, complete with harmonicas, at two minutes of. At one minute of seven the most violent silence seized the studio. It was a perfect setting for pure terror. At seven, we were on the air.

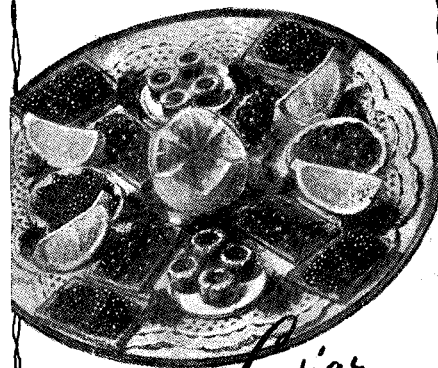
I heard my cue, and went in through the door, remembering to close it after me. There was a little draft, and a piece of paper sailed to the floor. Out of the corner of my eye I saw someone hastily retrieve it. Ken looked at me firmly. "Now about these doughnuts," he began. I listened with amazement as a completely new commercial came forth from his smiling face. I listened eagerly for my cue, all attention. Finally he thrust a box of doughnuts into my hand. "Don't you want to try these?" he asked pointedly.

I said of course, I'd love to, it would be wonderful. (Years of conditioning brought forth the automatic response.) And somehow I got out the door again, with the doughnuts and the (two) loaves of bread. And it was all over.

Afterwards, we all stood around eating the doughnuts off the revolving stand. They were nicely crisp and hot from the lights. Everyone told me I did fine. It seems Ken had dropped his commercial, but he'd ad-libbed a good new one. And I'd looked so interested in it. The man from the agency thanked me as if I'd been Katharine Cornell.

I came home with a dozen doughnuts and two loaves of televised bread. And I'm through. I have retired from television. I know I could never again recapture the quality of that performance.

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IRELAND REVISITED

by JOHN E. HUTTON

Atlantic readers will remember the early motor-ing adventures which JOHN E. HUTTON described in two articles published in 1948. More recently, he is the author of a book entitled Trout and Salmon Fishing.

SOME fifty years ago, when I blazed the trail of hundreds of miles of Irish roads in an early motor, the roads were little better than rough narrow dirt tracks, terribly dusty and full of potholes which used to be repaired by the simple expedient of putting in a shovelful of gravel which the next ass-cart instantly deployed across the surface. This simple reparation was aptly termed "darning." Now there are thousands of miles of wide roads, many of which are graded and well surfaced, and have had anti-dust treatment.

The nature of the traffic has also changed; instead of ass-carts and jaunting cars (very few of the latter seem to have survived) the traffic is mostly motors of moderate size and power. Public transport is catered for by huge government-owned double-decker Diesel buses in which one may travel the length and breadth of the land.

So much has been written of the natural beauties of Killarney that it would be redundant to extol it here. It reminded me very much of the Highland scenery of Scotland with its lovely lakes, rivers, and hills, and its beautifully wooded valleys. It is the scenic gem of Eire, and perhaps one makes a mistake to visit it first, as it sets a standard which, with the exception of some parts of Connemara, is unequaled elsewhere in the island. To those contemplating a visit to this district I would advise staying at the excellent Great Southern Hotel in Kenmare, County Kerry.

One cannot bring up the subject of

hotels without mentioning the very reasonable prices. Even the hungry traveler may find it difficult to take full advantage of the copious offering at lunch, for which he will be charged \$1.00. Dinner will cost him \$2.00, and his room, with full breakfast, lunch, and dinner, from \$7.50 to \$8.00.

While there is an adequate number of bathrooms in the best hotels, it is not always easy to engage a room with private bath, nor must the traveler expect the generous offerings of ice water to which he may be accustomed; on request, however, ice will usually be forthcoming sufficient to cool his highball or soft fruit drink.

As the main purpose of my visit was a fishing holiday, I drove to Connemara, some 180 miles distant, over excellent roads and through delightful country. Everywhere one sees the remains of old castles and towers, relics of Oliver Cromwell and a long-past turbulent era. The district is mostly agricultural, and one may admire the sleek cattle, the sheep, and the magnificent horses for which Eire is renowned. The Irish are true animal lovers and lavish care and affection upon them.

While liberal rations of gasoline are given to travelers, a tourist once found himself with insufficient to reach his destination and asked a village constable where he could obtain more. After politely listening to the motorist's inquiry, the constable replied: "Well, I've had no complaints that the black market has stopped."

At Galway every traveler pauses to peer over the parapet of the road bridge and view the hundreds of salmon lying in serried ranks with their heads upstream awaiting the mysterious signal to push their way up the river toward their eventual spawning grounds. This river drains Lough Conn, the largest sheet of fresh water in Eire, famous for its huge brown trout and its monstrous pike. Lough Mask also drains into Lough Conn, and is equally famous for its fishing, which is free, except for a small government license, to all.

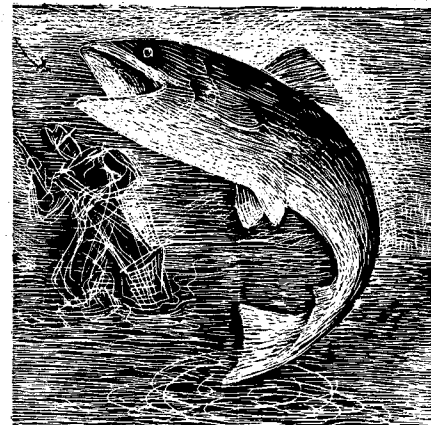
The great harvest of trout in these lakes is reaped by "dapping" a May fly, daddy longlegs, or blue dragonfly. Dapping is done by drifting a boat in a breeze and allowing the hook, with the insects impaled on it, to blow out in the wind on a special light line so that the lure lightly kisses the surface of the water like a natural insect im-

pelled by the wind. At times other than the May fly hatch, the bigger fish seem to swim lower and are then mostly captured on spun or trolled lures.

Many salmon in the two lakes do not, for some reason, rise readily to the angler's lure. Any trout angler who can visit these waters at the right time will be thrilled by the capture of a "specimen" trout weighing, perhaps, ten pounds or more. For those who like pike fishing, monsters up to thirty pounds and over put up most sporting fights and are reputed to be comparatively common. The record pike caught on rod and line weighed fifty-four pounds. These Irish pike may be recommended to anyone desiring the thrill of playing a big fish without having to go to sea to find one.

The cream of the salmon and sea trout waters is to be found at Ballynahinch in Connemara. It is controlled by the proprietor of Ballynahinch Castle hotel, which has one of the loveliest settings in the country. Until recent years a private house, it is poised on a hill some fifty feet above the river. The magnificent timber of the extensive demesne affords delightful walks through an enchanting forest of ornamental trees, some of which are rare specimens.

The traveler is ever conscious of



antiquity in Eire, and if he stays at Ballynahinch Castle he may ponder the history of his lodging. In olden times it belonged to the O'Flahertys, Lords of Connemara, but it passed into the hands of the Martin family in the seventeenth century. Richard Martin was a notorious dueler and a friend of George IV, and his daughter Mary, "Princess of Connemara," inspired Charles J. Lever's novel *The Martins of Cro Martin*.

The views from the hotel are enriched by the mountain chain of

the "Twelve Bens," of which Bencorr rises 2336 feet sheer from Lough Inagh, the finest lake for sea trout fishing.

These mountains provide a rough guide to the weather, for if their summits are shrouded in cloud it is raining, but if they stand out clearly it is going to rain! In common with most of the west coast of the British Isles there is a vast amount of cloud, mist, rain, or drizzle. It is this constant moisture which not only makes everything green but usually provides ample water for the angler.

In addition to the river, upon which there are seven beats, there is a vast chain of lakes, set in the gaunt beauty of the mountains, which give, besides salmon, excellent sport with sea trout. This fish, which is only to be found in European waters, is a very close cousin to the salmon and may be classed, without question, as the gamest fish for its size that swims. It is astonishing to see, when fishing for salmon, the powerful rod bent perilously by a little sea trout weighing scarcely a pound. When these fish are taken on light tackle, their rapid runs and constant high leaps earn the respect of the most blasé salmon and brown trout angler.

For success in fishing these waters a steady, moderate breeze is essential. A gale generating heavy breaking waves is inimical to sport, as is the deadly flat calm, a condition rarely met in normal years in these western seaboard parts. But even when sport is poor the beauty and peace of the surroundings engender a tranquillity only to be enjoyed by followers of the Gentle Art.

The guides — or gillies, as they are called — reflect the general improvement in education and standard of living so noticeable throughout this wild part of the country. As a whole they are courteous, civil, and very anxious to show sport to the angler, well meriting the modest pay they receive for their services.

Though some of the old superstitions seem to have died out, the country people have many strange ideas. One day, while seated by the river, I asked the gillie how he supposed a particularly large boulder, weighing many tons, could have got where it lay. To my surprise he told me it had been put there by some saint, for what purpose he did not know. I explained that it had been deposited by a glacier cons ago, but he remained silent and obviously unconvinced.

ACCENT ON LIVING

When I arrived at Ballynahinch the drought, prevalent on both sides of the Atlantic, had reduced the river to a mere trickle, and indeed at high tide it actually appeared to run backwards! Stones a mile from the sea pool would become submerged at the top of the tide, to reappear when it ebbed. The river has an unusually low fall and, with the exception of one or two small pools, must be classed as still-water fishing, depending entirely upon a fresh breeze for successful sport. As a consequence the bed is covered with weed, and at the sides an abundance of water lilies display their lovely blooms. My first reaction was "This river may hold pike, perch, or chub but can never hold salmon." Of this I was quickly disabused, for during the days which were to follow I saw literally hundreds of salmon and sea trout jumping.

This is an amazing fishery. As there is no netting in the estuary, it has the greatest number of salmon per mile I ever saw. Every pool was well stocked with fish jumping all over the place, but they were the worst takers I ever fished, and when you rise a fish which refuses the fly, it is rare indeed to get him to come a second time. They are "oncres"!

A fishing holiday may be enhanced or impaired by the other visitors, and I was indeed fortunate to meet a succession of charming people, mostly keen anglers. It was with profound regret that I left this hospitable and friendly country and people with their smiling faces and subtle humor.



REUNION

by FRANCIS W. HATCH

SING a song of reunion,
Badge on the denim lapel,
The postcard campaign
That lands you again
At Stanford, Purdue, or Cornell.

Beer and a bar and a ball game,
Songs you can cut with a knife,
Classmates don't change,
But isn't it strange
That each has a middle-aged wife?



HONOR SYSTEM

by JOHN R. ROBERSON

Born in Roanoke, JOHN R. ROBERSON is a degree candidate at the University of Virginia. This is his first appearance in the Atlantic.

EVERY University of Virginia first-year man has heard of the honor system before ever coming to Charlottesville. He has heard such declarations as "The University is proudest of its honor system," and the simple expression of confidence, "It works." Now he and his classmates are about to meet the system face to face.

First there is a formal speech by a man chosen from among the University's most distinguished figures, in which he discusses honor, its practice at Virginia, and what one of the speakers called "a matter less congenial to honor at Virginia" (that is to say, the procedure which is followed in the event that a breach of honor occurs).

Then the assembly is dismissed to numerous classrooms where small groups have a chance to ask questions of leaders of the student body and to sign the simple honor card saying that they understand the system and want to live under it. The questions last a long time — long enough for every person to see the system as it is: a positive force working to develop men of integrity and to bring freedom from mistrust to all of University life.

Some students sit for a long time looking at the card and thinking about it all — thinking about themselves — before they write their names on the list of the "Honor Men." At last, when every student has accepted the honor system as his own, they are ready to register in the University.

The honor system works in the University of Virginia. The student body knows it works, and is proud to keep it working. A professor giving

a quiz or examination walks into the classroom, distributes the questions, waits to see if there are any doubtful points he can clear up, and disappears. The students do the rest.

Two of them may look at each other, laugh, and ask, "How did he ever think that question up?" As the hours of the examination wear on, the



seats we say Thomas Jefferson must have sat on get harder, and the strain of the exam gets worse. Under the honor system, different groups of students put down their pens and walk out of the room for a Coke and a discussion of the basketball team. Relaxed, they return to do battle with the questions.

Does that sound confusing? Distracting? It's surprising how quietly a third of the class can wander in and out of the room from time to time. At Virginia there is none of the constant irritant of a watching proctor, none of the strain of an enforced silence, none of the weariness of three hours in a hard seat. The students can put down what they know on their papers freed from any detriment to clear thinking by the pledge they sign at the end of their answers.

University honor extends beyond the purely academic. The three violations of it are cheating, stealing, and lying.

One of the warmest feelings the honor system gave me was related to stealing, or the lack of it. If a student is carrying a load of valuable textbooks and decides he wants to stroll over to the Corner (the cluster of stores and shops serving the University), there is no need for him to take the books along with him. He puts them down, and they stay where he puts them. If the sun comes out, causing him to forget that raincoat hanging on the hook outside the classroom, he can stop by for it at his convenience, with no anxiety as to its safety.

These facts do not mean that no

student will be robbed while he is in Charlottesville. A deserted building or a sleeping dormitory is not magically protected from a professional burglar just because it belongs to the University. They do mean, however, that as long as students are near-by, property is safe.

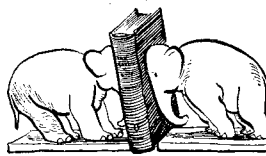
The word of a student of the University of Virginia is accepted as the truth. That means that any Charlottesville merchant will cash a student's check if he has the currency to do so.

Cheating, stealing, and lying, then, are the three offenses. Smaller matters not specifically included are still ruled by the spirit of honor, each man deciding for himself what is honorable as cases arise.

Football tickets got rather scarce last fall as our team's prospects got better and better, and good ones could have been sold at a considerable profit. The tickets state, however, that they are void if sold for more than the printed price, and I do not know of a single student violation of this agreement.

The system, dealing as it does with people, has its share of sadness. There are a few students who don't trust it. I remember one boy who was very particular about hanging on to his coat and books in the school Commons. Such behavior was so unusual that several of us asked him about it. We found that he had lost an overcoat, and felt that it had been stolen. Our reaction was that we would rather take the chance of losing something material than lose the feeling of security and confidence in humanity that living under the honor system gives us.

There are also, occasionally, the "less congenial" aspects of the system that the first-year men hear about, the result of the few misfits in any group of society. The *Cavalier Daily* carries a black-bordered notice of



such things: "The Honor Committee regrets to announce that a student has been dismissed from (this or that department). The offense was (naming it)."

The procedure, one which gives every possible chance to the accused, is something like this. If any student sees another committing what appears to be a breach of honor, he directs the attention of at least one other student to the action. If the two are agreed that there are grounds for suspicion, they confront the suspect. If he can give a satisfactory explanation, the matter goes no further; if not, the accusers present the case to the President of the Honor Committee.

This committee consists of the student president of each department of the University, plus the vice-president of the department of the accused — a court of students deciding for the students. The tribunal holds a closed trial in the Moot Courtroom of the Law School, allowing the defendant to have any student he chooses to assist in his defense, and any witnesses he wants in his behalf. If the accused is acquitted, the records of the trial are burned and handshakes are exchanged all around. If he is convicted, he leaves the University at once, and the nameless notice appears in the *Cavalier Daily*. Any person who can show that he has new evidence on the case can cause it to be reopened at any time. Otherwise the records stay secret.

The black-bordered notices appear rarely at the University. They always bring a look of concern to the faces of all the readers. The student body is depressed to find that there are some who cannot meet its standard, but at the same time satisfied to know that that standard is being maintained.

Honor is a tradition at Virginia; one of the intangibles of which she is proud, and for which she is renowned. It is being maintained.

THE HAUNTED FISHERMAN

by ROBERT McBLAIR

He spears and hovers with a dripping quill,
Seeking a love more luminous than pearl
In wells of ink where moonlight never shone.
He dreams of small bare footprints on the sill,
And wakes too late to see the silver girl
Who walked across the morning and is gone.